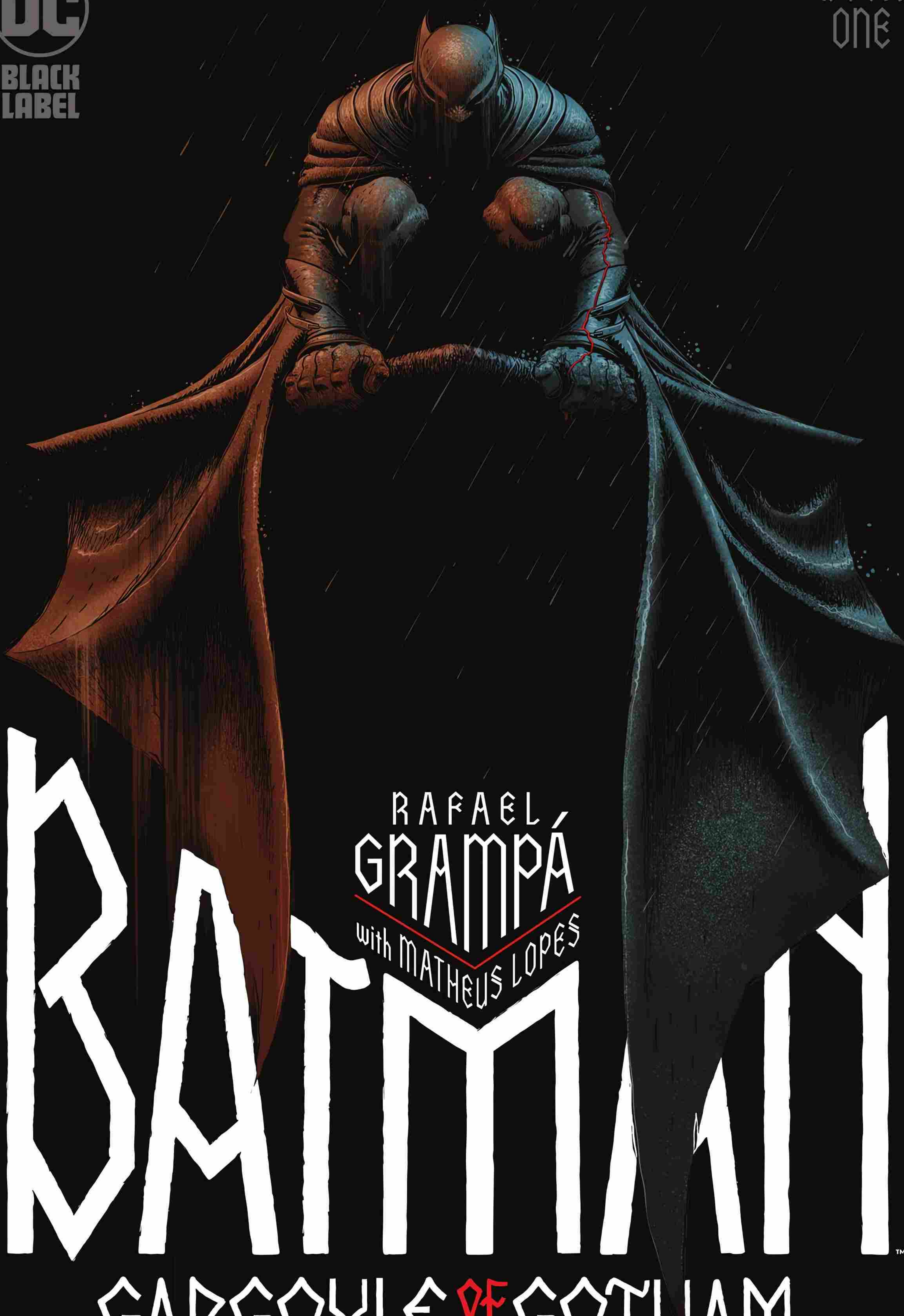




BOOK
ONE



RAFAEL
GRAMPÁ
with MATHEUS LOPES

BATMAN
GARGOYLE **OF** GOTHAM

R. Grampá

17+
MATURE



DAWN OF DC

A NEW ERA
BEGINS IN
SEPTEMBER

WONDER WOMAN #1



© & TM DC.

THE AMAZON
WARRIOR
IS NOW A
WANTED
OUTLAW!

WRITTEN BY EISNER
AWARD WINNER

TOM KING

ART AND COVER BY *DARK CRISIS*
ON INFINITE EARTHS SUPERSTAR

DANIEL SAMPERE

FORGING
THE FUTURE
ONE **HERO**
AT A TIME

BATMAN



GARGOYLE ^{OF} GOTHAM

BOOK ONE

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1:100 variant cover by
PAUL POPE & JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA

1:250 variant cover by
FRANK MILLER

BATMAN created by BOB KANE with BILL FINGER



No child should call
the grave of his
murdered
parents home...

...because Gotham
City and that grave
are the same.

Grand and ornate
on the outside to
delude us.

To cover what
lies beneath
the surface.

Hiding the remains
of disgrace...

...of raw
violence...

...of the disease
of ignorance.

While we
all rot.

HOMELESS
WITH
CANCER

In this city, we
bleed each other
in different ways.



We decompose,
losing what makes
us human.

And we can't
understand
why.



Why are we
rotting?



Because we're
used to it.



It's happening
in front of
our faces.



At this
exact
moment.



In the room
next door.



The protectors become
the predators.



Violence becomes
entertainment for
the everyman.

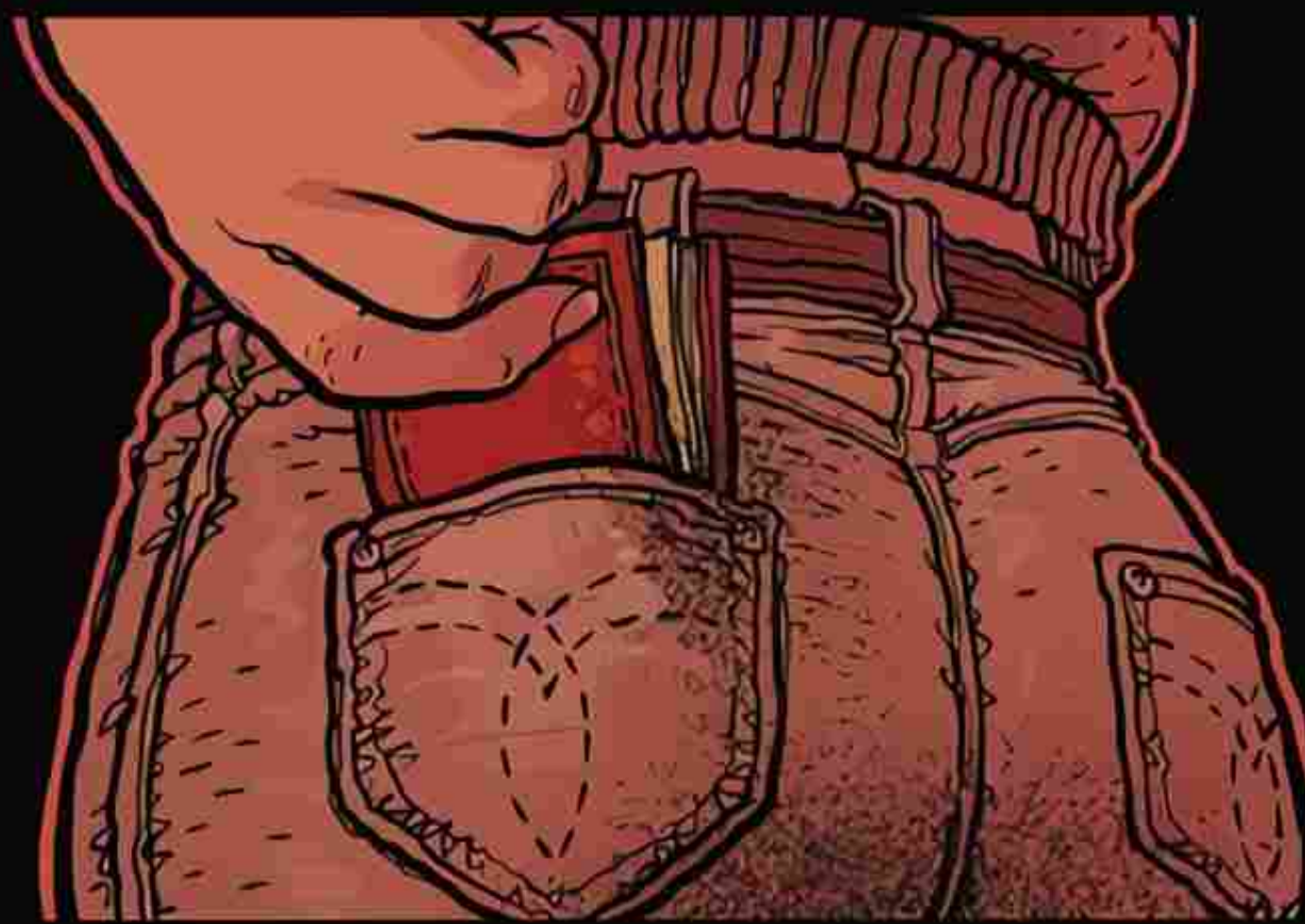
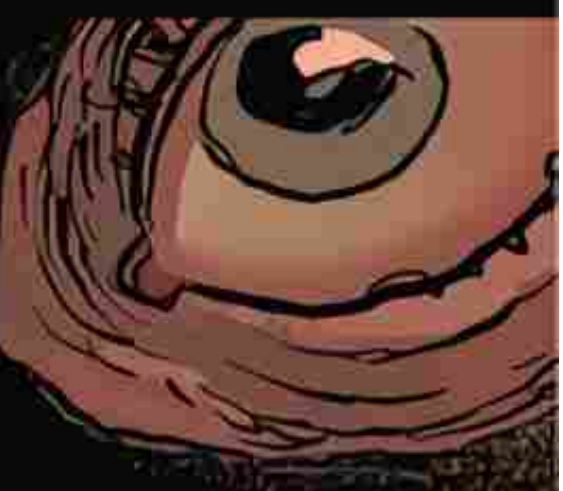
The everyman
becomes the
criminal.

A child becomes a
spectator to his
parents' murder.

And that child
became **ME**.

I swore by the graves
of my parents that I
would stop this
endless bleeding.

Warring on
all evil...



...so that no one else
would again bleed like
my parents bled.

It was when
I left
Gotham.

But wherever I
went, Gotham
was there.



Haunting me.



Never letting me
forget who I
should be.



A hostage to my
own vow of revenge.

STAND!



NIGHT
SHIFT,
BUMS.

YOU LAZY
MORONS, WE'RE
GOING TO NEED YOU
TO WORK *TWICE*
AS HARD TO HIT OUR
DEADLINE...

...AND WE
DON'T WANT TO
HEAR ANY *CRYING*
TONIGHT,
DO WE?

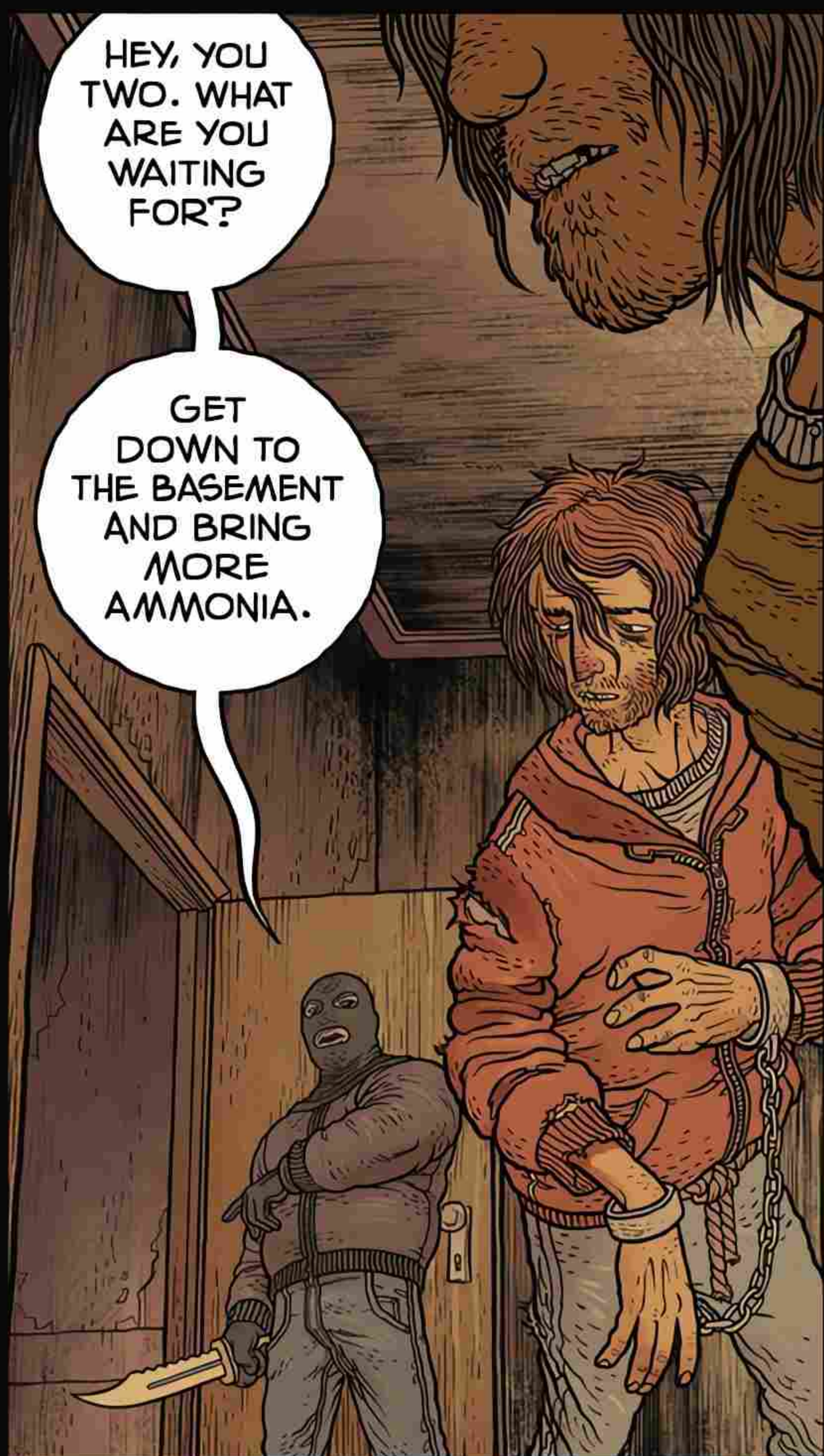
When I returned,
there was no light
of hope in Gotham.

The little light I
found just cast
my shadow in
the dark.

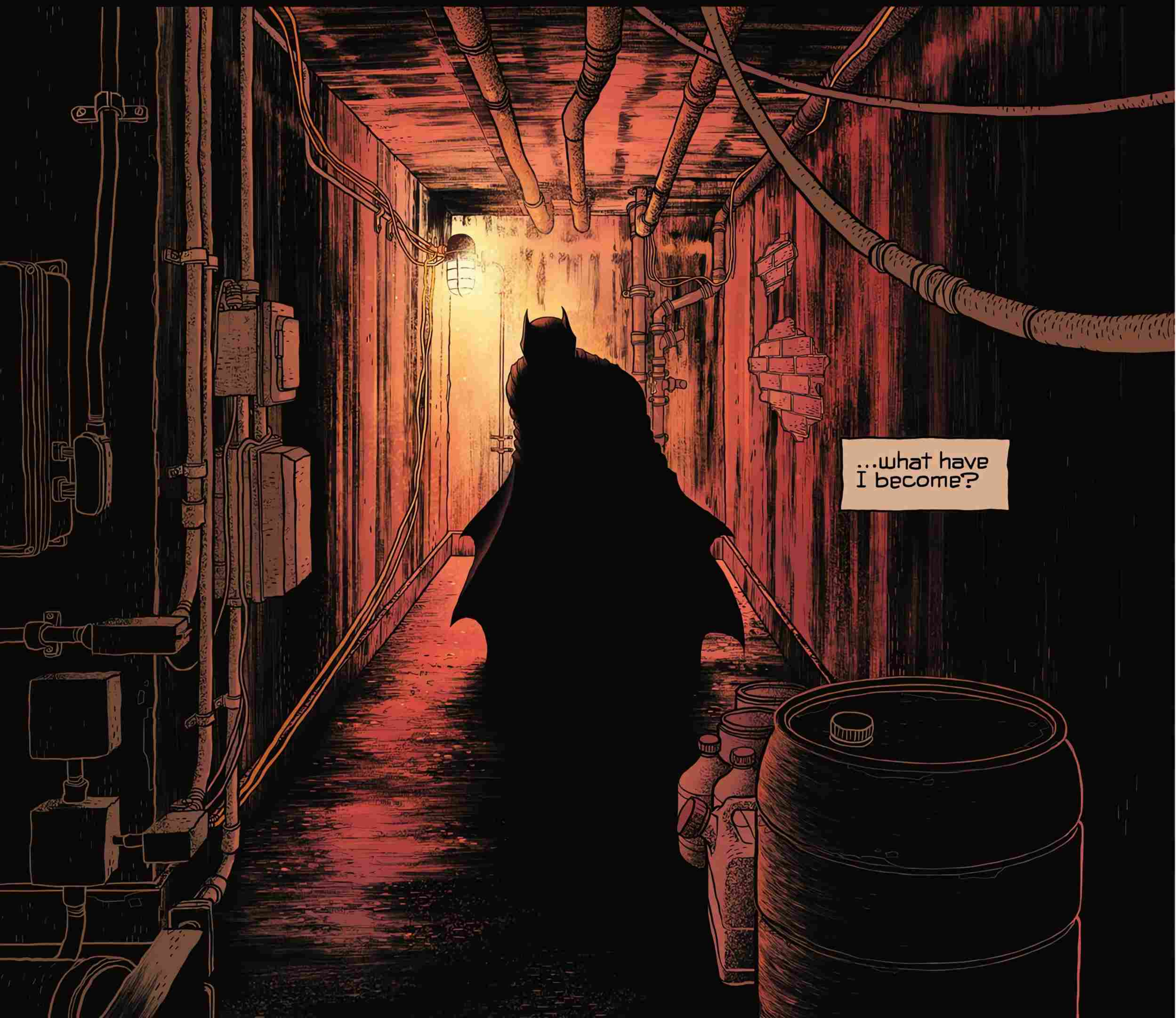
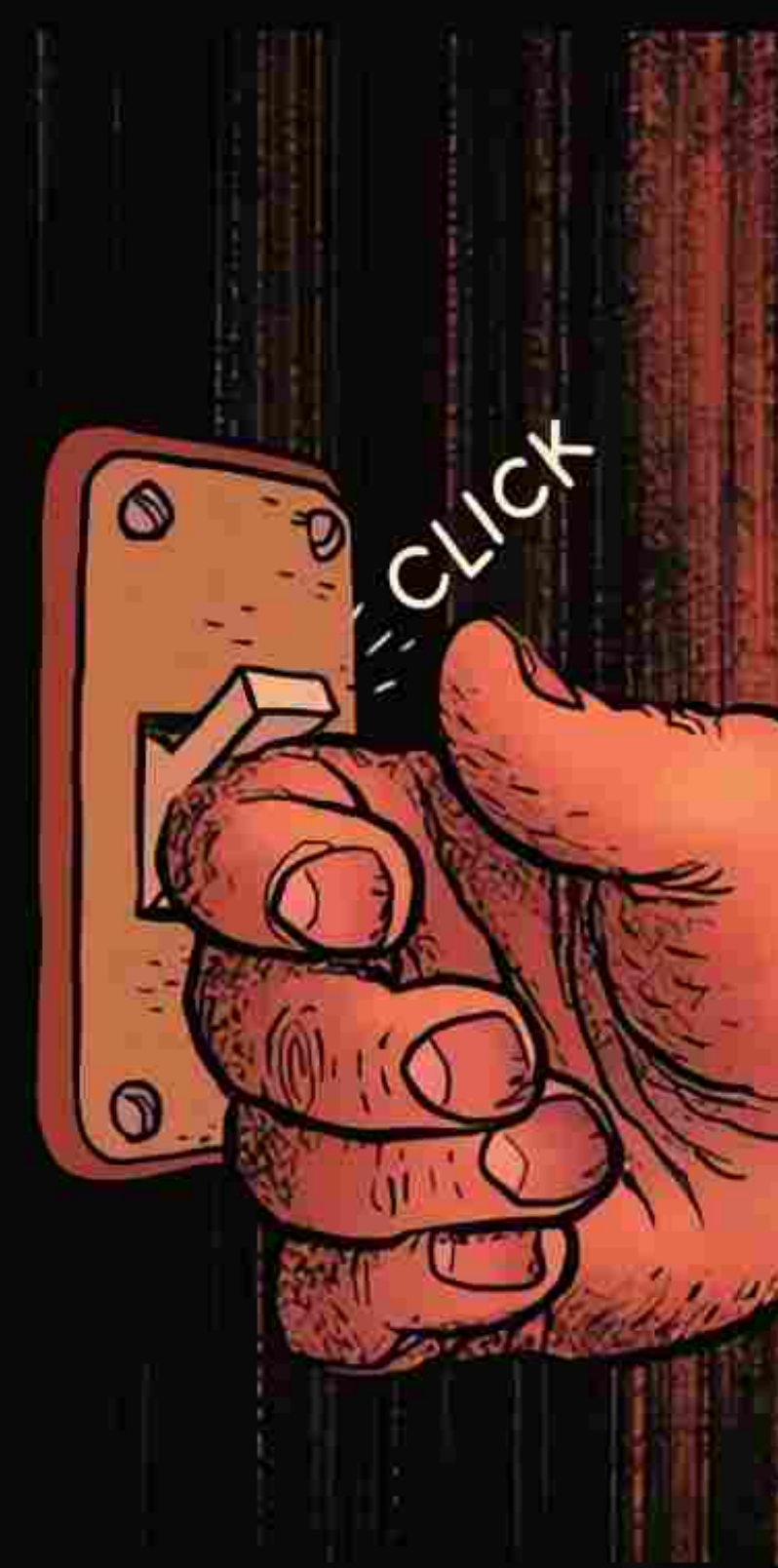
And the shadow
was no longer
that child's.

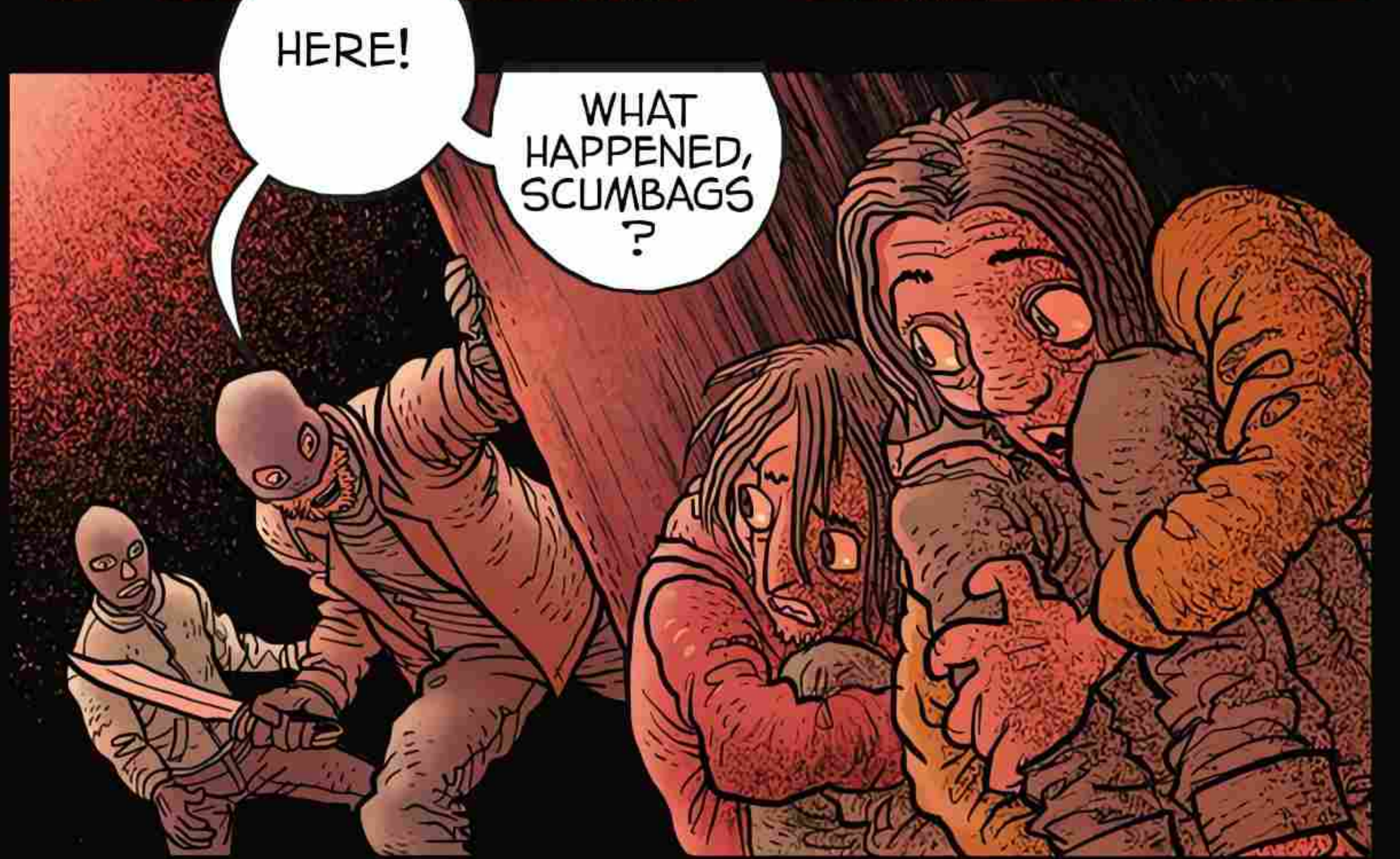
It was a blurry
figure that I'm
still trying to
decipher.





Now that child struggles not to be drowned within the dense night inside me...





It wasn't
a scream.

It was bait.

NG

WHAT?
SO WHO
SCREA--

JESUS...
LOOK AT THEIR
EYES...

yes, there it
is again.

BEHIND
YOU...!

AAAAAA
AAAAHH!

OHMYGODOH
MYGOD...

That
petrified
look.

My brand.

The look of
those who see
true horror for
the first time.



I turn it into the
thing he'll see for
the *LAST* time...



...until he
recovers.

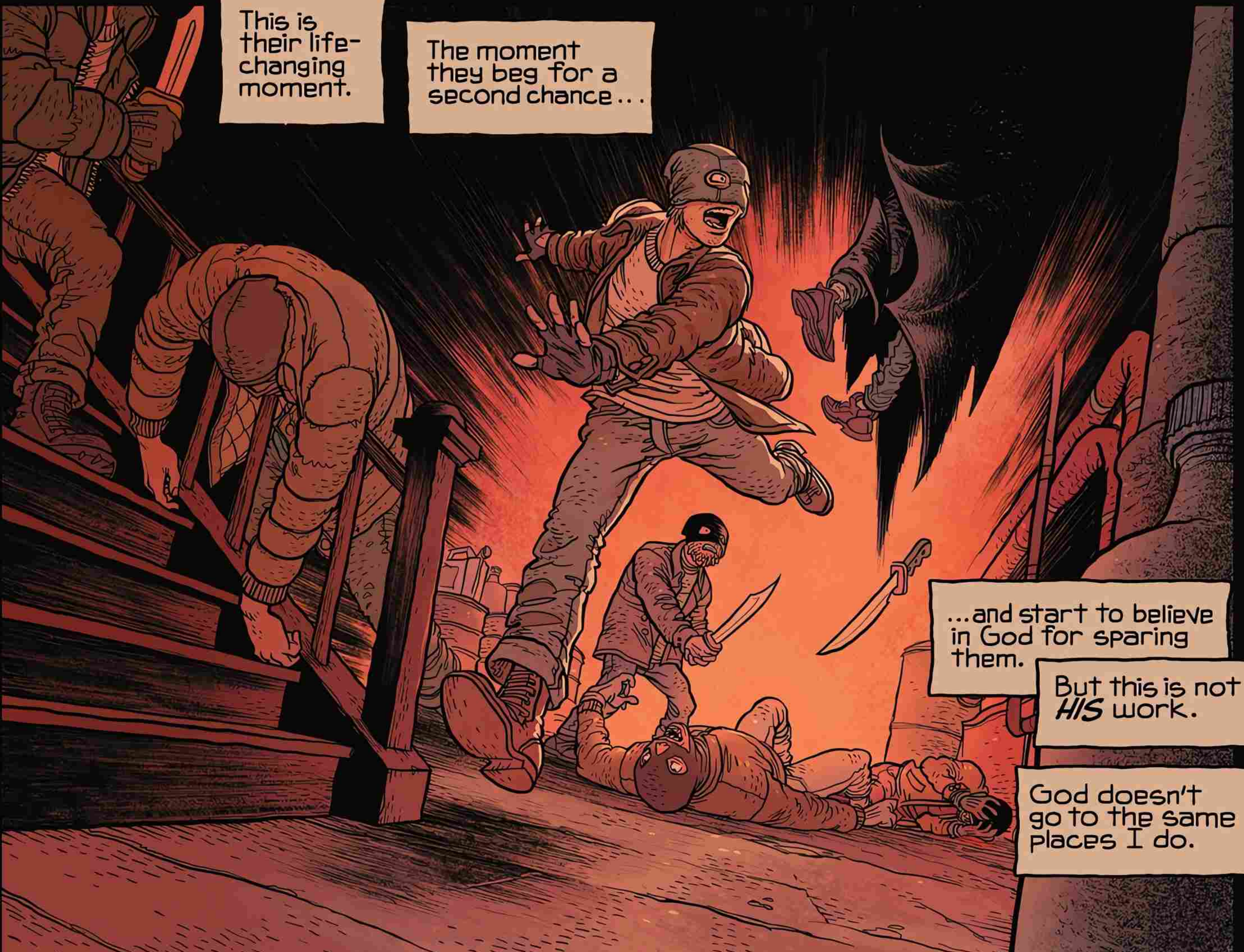


But this terrifying
memory will become
a wound that never
heals.



This is
their life-
changing
moment.

The moment
they beg for a
second chance...



...and start to believe
in God for sparing
them.

But this is not
HIS work.

God doesn't
go to the same
places I do.



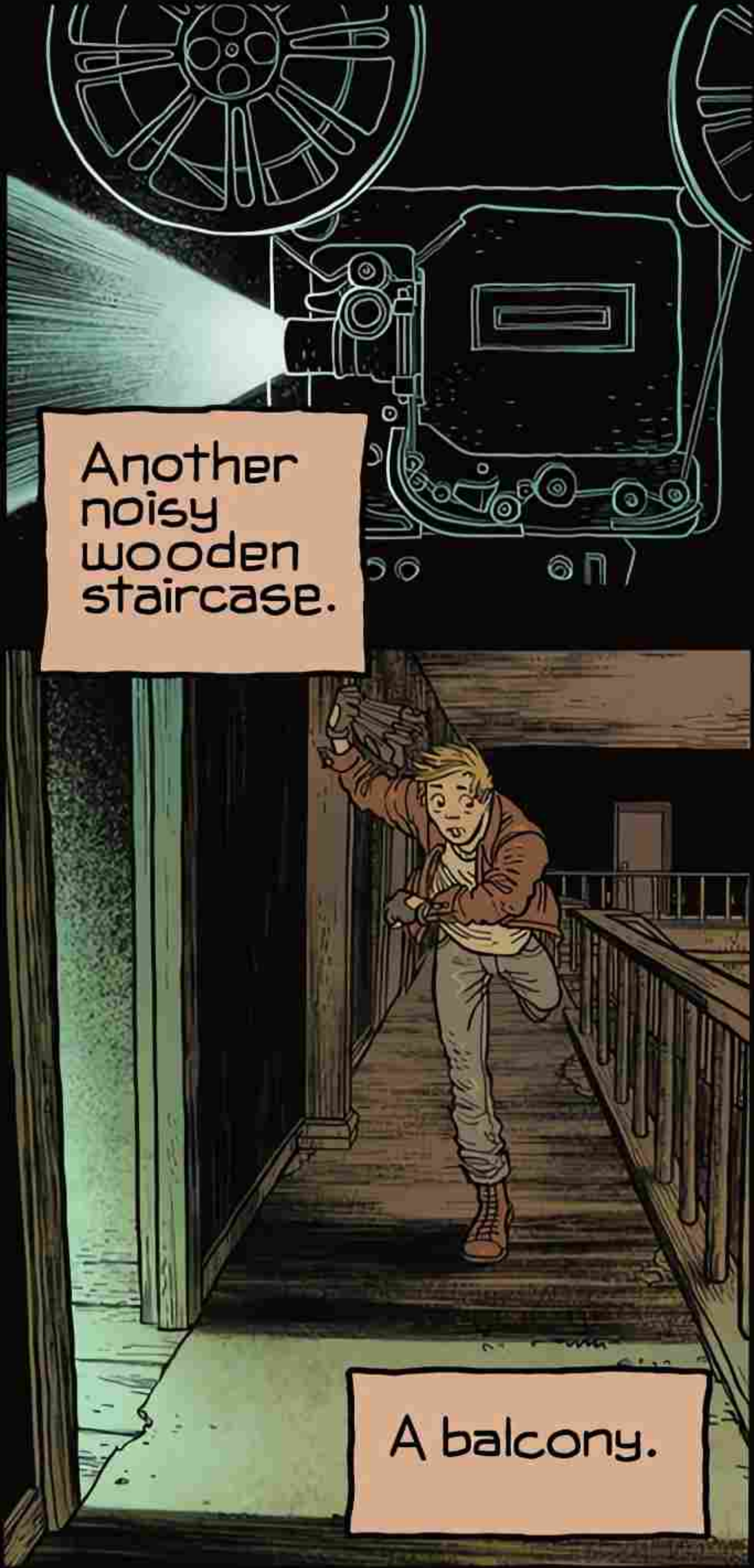
Yes, show me the place by your heavy, hurried steps.

INCREASE HEARING: 15%



Big room.

Sound of glass shaking.



Another noisy wooden staircase.

A balcony.



He stops.

THE PLACE WAS INVADED... A MONSTER...



OH NO... PLEASE DON'T...

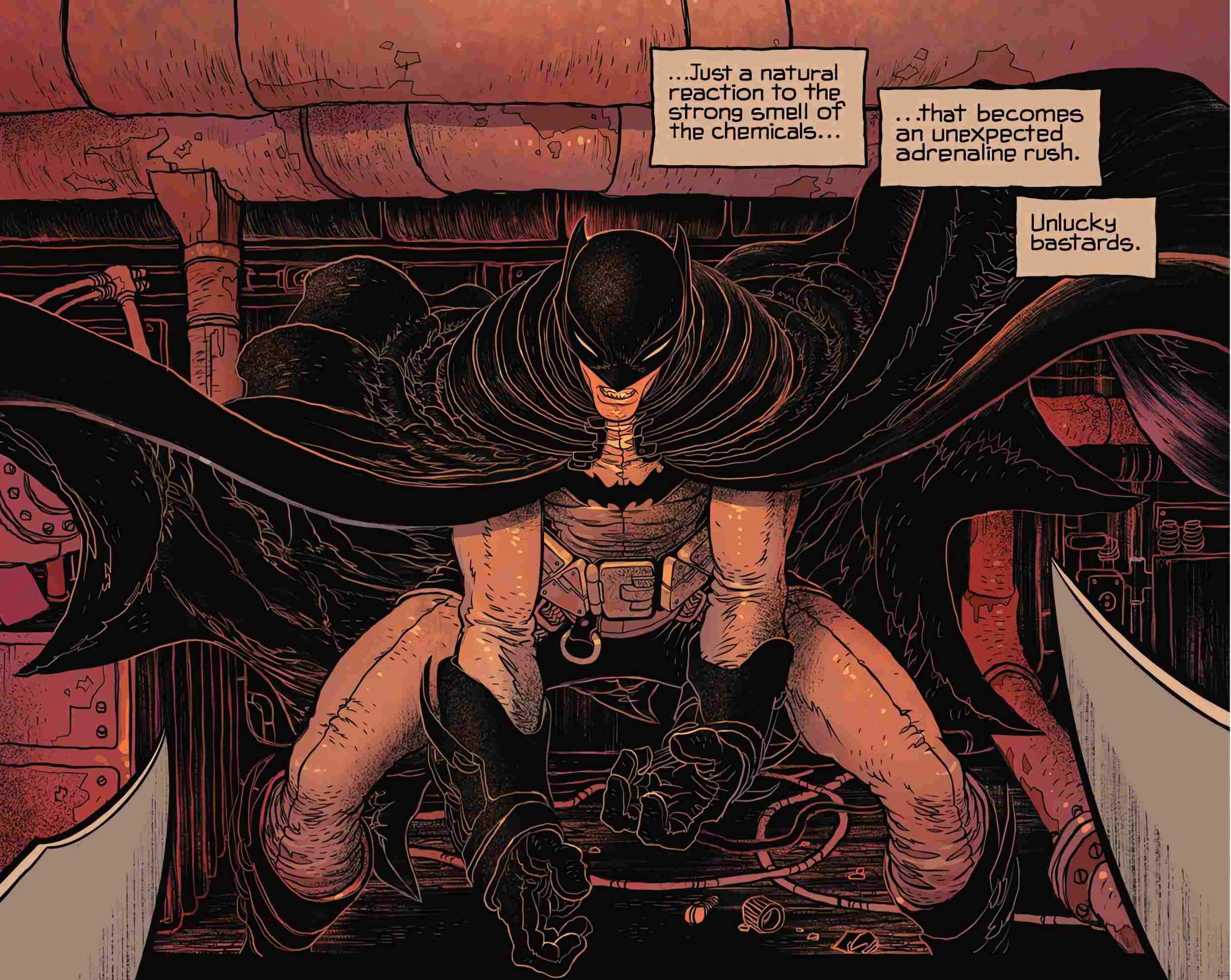
There's something beyond those stairs.

A shiver crawls up my spine.

...Just a natural reaction to the strong smell of the chemicals...

...that becomes an unexpected adrenaline rush.

Unlucky bastards.



No reason to prolong their misfortune.

I have a case to solve.

Three murders
in the past
five days...

...and it seems
the evidence
brought me to
the right place
to find answers.

Oh my...
No...

No...don't focus
on these memories.
Let them go.

Focus on the
brutality, and
turn it into
rage.

On the strong
smell of ether
in the air.

On the
ammonia.

Nitric acid.

Toluene.

This is a
clandestine
laboratory for
trinitrotoluene.

TNT.

That explains why
those henchmen
didn't use firearms.

The killer
welcomes
me with a
macabre
red carpet.

He wants to
shock me.

You sick
bastard.

I will make
you pay for
what you did.

I will greet
you with my
best goodbye.

The blinding strobe lights
and the invasive,
synthetic smell in the air
make my stomach
demand escape through
my throat.

I deny it.

The room is a dank,
moldy nightmare.

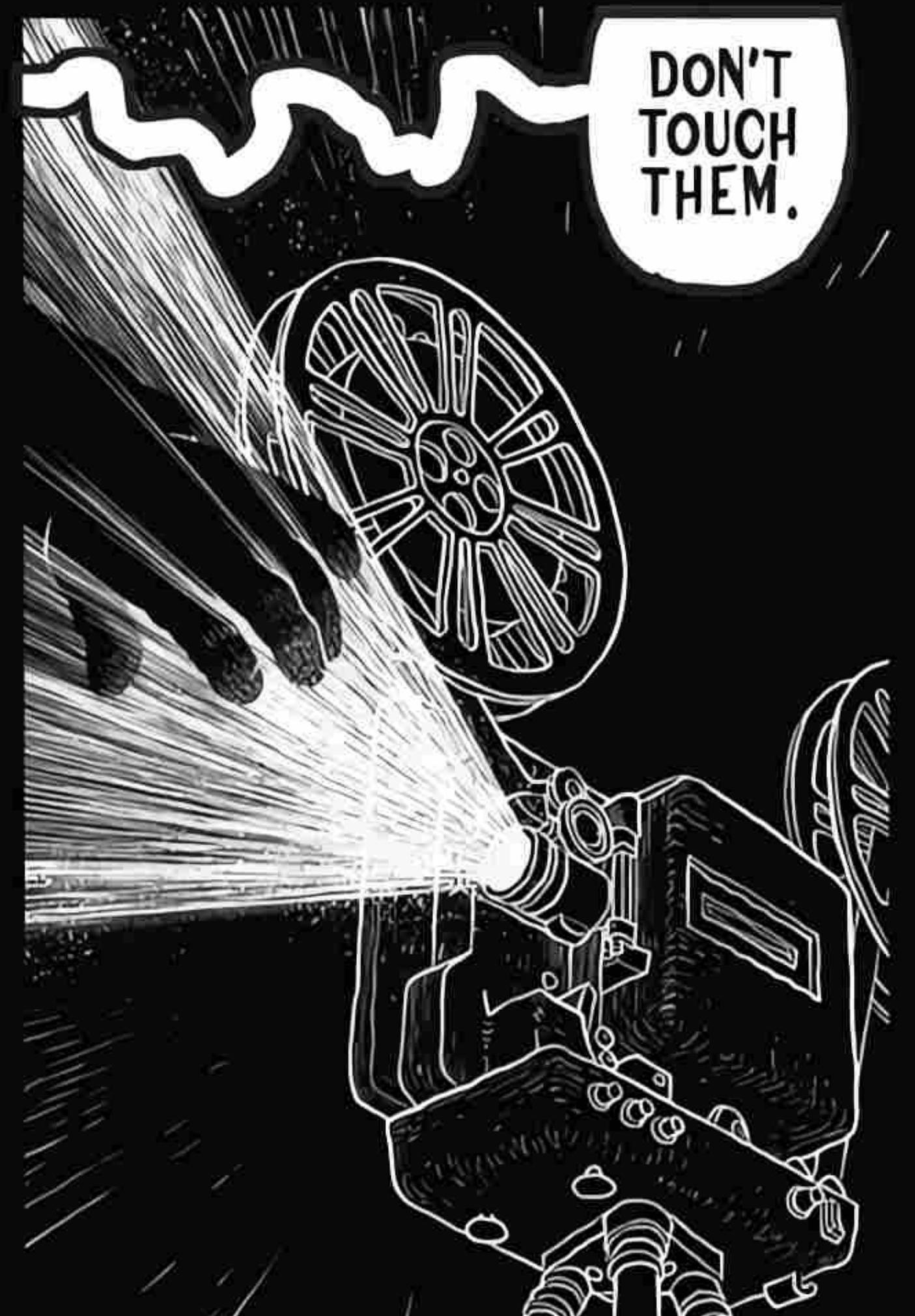


No. I have
nightmares.

I know
nightmares...



DON'T
TOUCH
THEM.



DON'T
TOUCH MY
THOUGHTS.



DON'T
WANT TO KNOW
HOW MUCH MY
THOUGHTS...





...HURT.

This is not a
nightmare.

This is the
dense night
inside me.

So much
ether...in
the air...

The room
is fading...

YOU
CAN'T...
ESCAPE...

Concentrate...
CONCENTRATE...

He strikes as
if he is out of
sync, one bar
ahead of me.

He wants
me awake.

To dance
with me.

I'm his date in
a dance where
he's the only
one who knows
the steps.





He drags me into his suicidal choreography...

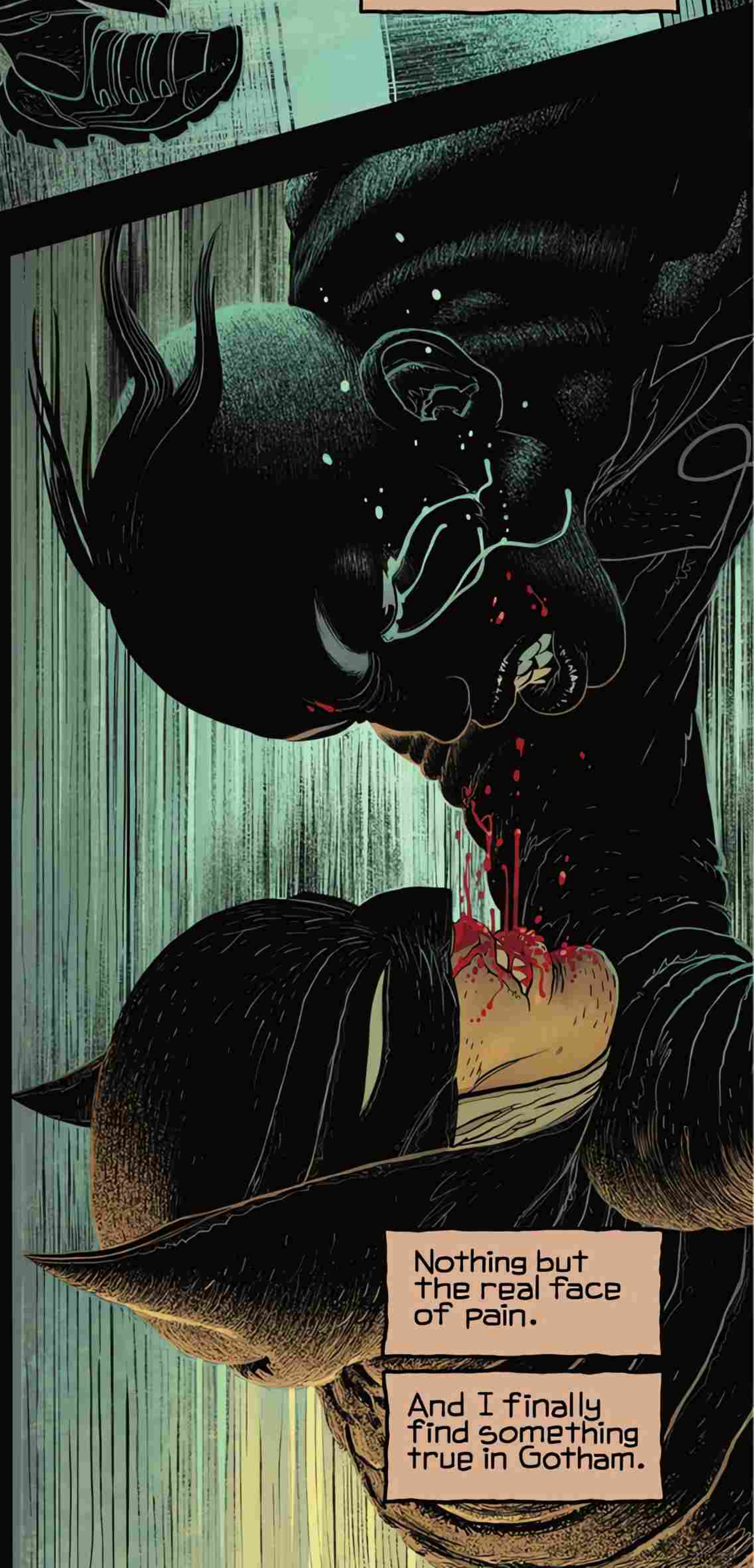
...while whispering a deadly lullaby in my ear.



"Nothing to lose."

"Nothing to win."

"Nothing to hide."



Nothing but the real face of pain.

And I finally find something true in Gotham.

Mom...

The bat-man...

Ugh.

My arm...

...How long have I...

CONCENTRATE.

Intoxicated...
hallucinating...

**INCREASE
HEARING:
35%**

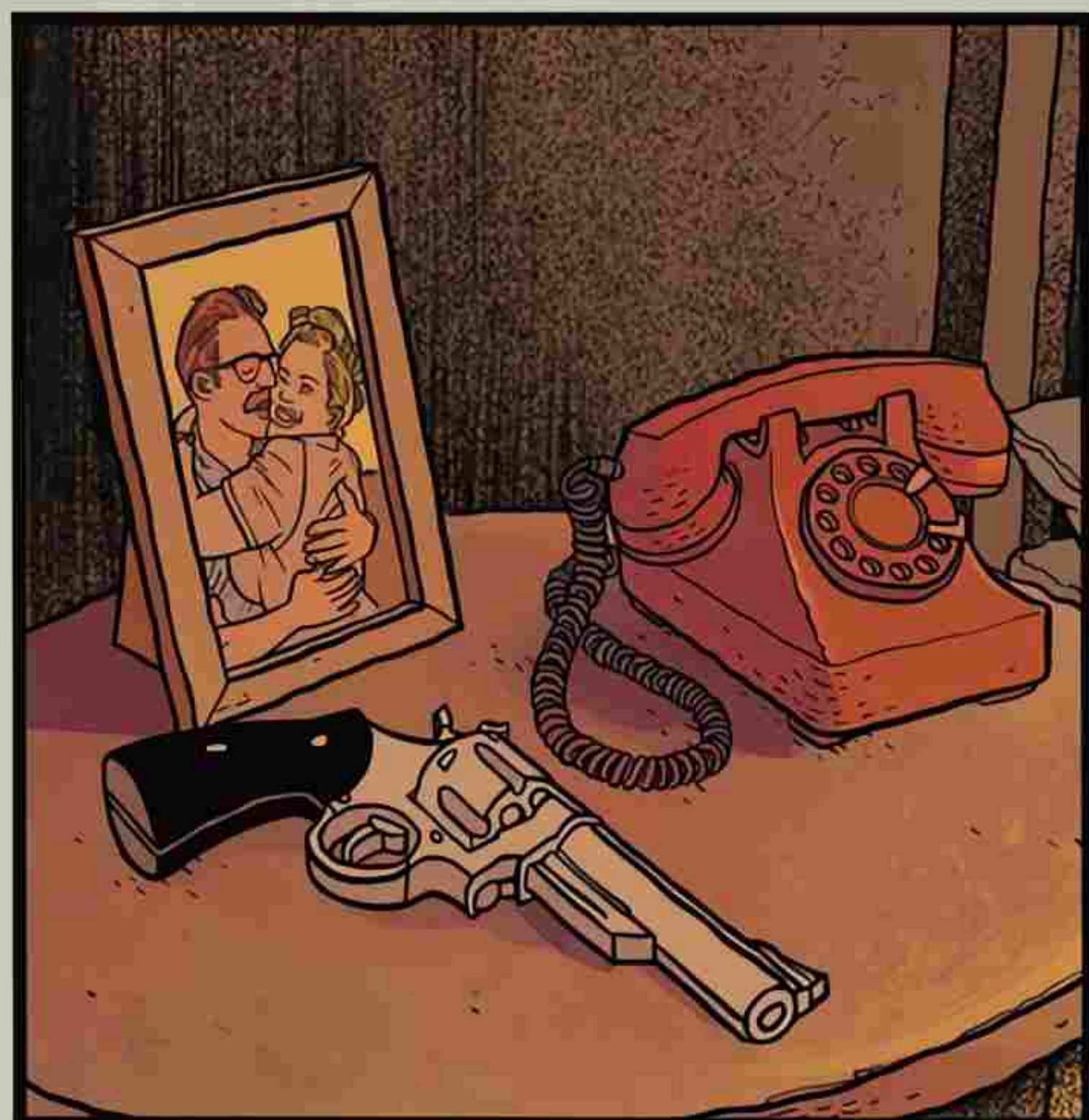
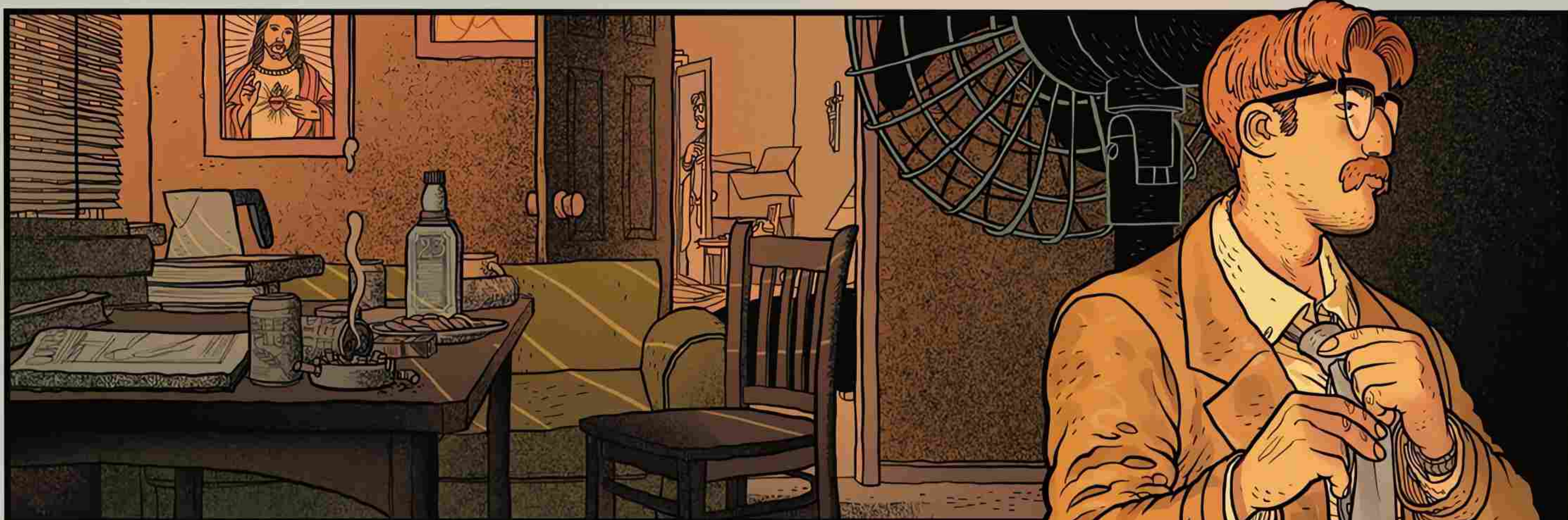
I can't
let him
escape.

No...no...

The men in
the basem--

KABOO







DETECTIVE GORDON, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY TO THE PEOPLE OF GOTHAM?

--FOURTH VICTIM IN THE SAME WEEK--

--DEALING WITH A SERIAL KILLER?



SHOULD WE START PRAYING, DETECTIVE?



...HE WAS A GOOD MAN, WHY WOULD THIS HAPPEN...



SAME PATTERNS, GORDON.

VICTIM WAS FOUND NUDE, PUNCTURE WOUNDS ALL OVER.

OFFICE WINDOW WAS BROKEN INTO FROM THE OUTSIDE.

NOT MUCH ELSE TO GO OFF OF.

THE KILLER INSISTS ON LEAVING VICTIMS NAKED.

HE'S TRYING TO HUMILIATE THEM.



BLOWFLY EGGS ON THE SKIN HAVEN'T HATCHED YET.

CAN'T HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR MORE THAN THREE DAYS.

THE KILLER HAS A TIGHT SCHEDULE, AND MY GUESS IS THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING.

THERE ARE WEEKENDS WHEN WE DIDN'T SEE MR. VONTOBEL, SO WE DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING WAS WRONG WHEN IT HAD BEEN A WHILE.

LAST NIGHT, WE NOTICED A STRANGE SMELL. WE THOUGHT IT WAS A DEAD MOUSE, AS USUAL.

BUT TODAY WHEN I OPENED THE RESTAURANT, THE SMELL WAS UNBEARABLE. AND WHEN I CAME UP TO CHECK THE OFFICE ...

EXCUSE ME, DETECTIVE GORDON...

I HAVE ORDERS TO INFORM YOU THAT AN EXPLOSION OCCURRED IN GOTHAM'S INDUSTRIAL PARK ZONE LAST NIGHT.

WITNESSES CLAIM TO HAVE SPOTTED A SINISTER CREATURE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE AREA--

BATMAN... WE SHOULD BE HUNTING THAT MANIAC AGAIN.

SHOULDN'T WE, GORDON?

THAT **MANIAC** DID MORE FOR THIS CITY IN THE LAST YEAR THAN YOU HAVE DURING YOUR ENTIRE CAREER, OFFICER LUCHO.

THAT'S NOT WHAT MOST OF US THINK, DETECTIVE.

WE **SHOULD** START PRAYING...

...FOR HIM TO HELP US THIS TIME, TOO...

IN GOTHAM, VIOLENCE AGAINST THE POOR IS INVISIBLE, WHILE VIOLENCE AGAINST THE RICH IS A TRAGEDY.

DISAPPEARANCES IN THE UNHOUSED COMMUNITY HAVE GONE IGNORED.

NOW A DOZEN OF THE MISSING WERE FOUND DEAD IN THE RUBBLE OF AN INDUSTRIAL ZONE EXPLOSION.

YET WE ONLY SPEAK OF THE MURDERS OF FOUR WEALTHY MEN.

THAT IS WHY WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT THE RICH.

THERE IS NO JUSTICE FOR THE POOR IN THIS CITY, AND THE RICH PRETEND THEY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

THE GOVERNMENT IS AT FAULT, TOO, BUT THE WEALTHY CONTROL THE GOVERNMENT.

IF SOCIETY AND THE AUTHORITIES ONLY PERCEIVE AND PRIORITIZE THE RICH, THEN IT IS TIME FOR THE RICH TO TAKE A STAND AND DEMAND EQUALITY AND JUSTICE, OR THEIR SILENCE WILL BE PROOF OF THEIR GUILT AND COMPLICITY.

DO THEY THINK WE DON'T KNOW THAT THEY INFLUENCE THE PASSING OF LAWS THAT BENEFIT THEMSELVES AND HARM THE POOR?

DO THEY THINK WE DON'T KNOW THAT THEIR CHARITABLE DONATIONS ARE JUST A FACADE...

...TO PAY LESS IN TAXES AND CLEAN UP THEIR REPUTATIONS FOR CAUSING SO MUCH IMBALANCE?

POLITICIANS ARE JUST THE ELITE'S PUPPETS TO TURN THE POOR INTO A FACELESS MASS.

BUT WE ARE THE ONES WHO ALLOW THEM TO GENERATE SUCH DAMAGE AND INEQUALITY.

THAT'S WHY NOBODY CARES ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE UNHOUSED. THE RICH CREATED A SYSTEM WHERE THESE PEOPLE ARE NOT VALUED, AND WE ACCEPTED IT.

WE ENDED UP BELIEVING THAT IF SOMEONE DOES NOT PRODUCE, DOES NOT FEED THE FINANCIAL SYSTEM-- THAT THEY'RE NOT EVEN HUMAN.

BUT THIS IS A STORY THAT WAS INVENTED BY THE OWNERS OF THE SYSTEM, WHO WANT US TO LABOR FOR THEM.

AND IT IS THE BIGGEST AND DIRTIEST LIE EVER TOLD.

WE ARE ALL HUMANS WITH VALUE, AND WE NEED THAT VALUE TO BE THE BASIS OF THE SYSTEM.



IT IS TIME FOR THE RICH TO ASSUME THEIR ENORMOUS RESPONSIBILITY FOR ALL THIS.

IT IS TIME FOR US TO SEIZE POWER FROM THOSE WHO HAVE THE MOST.



AS HUMANS, THE RICH OWE IT TO THE POOR.

OUR MOST VULNERABLE NEED US TO SPEAK FOR THEM, TO DEMAND JUSTICE FOR THEM!

USE THE HASHTAG #SPEAKUPFORTHEM, AND LET'S MAKE OUR VOICES HEARD!

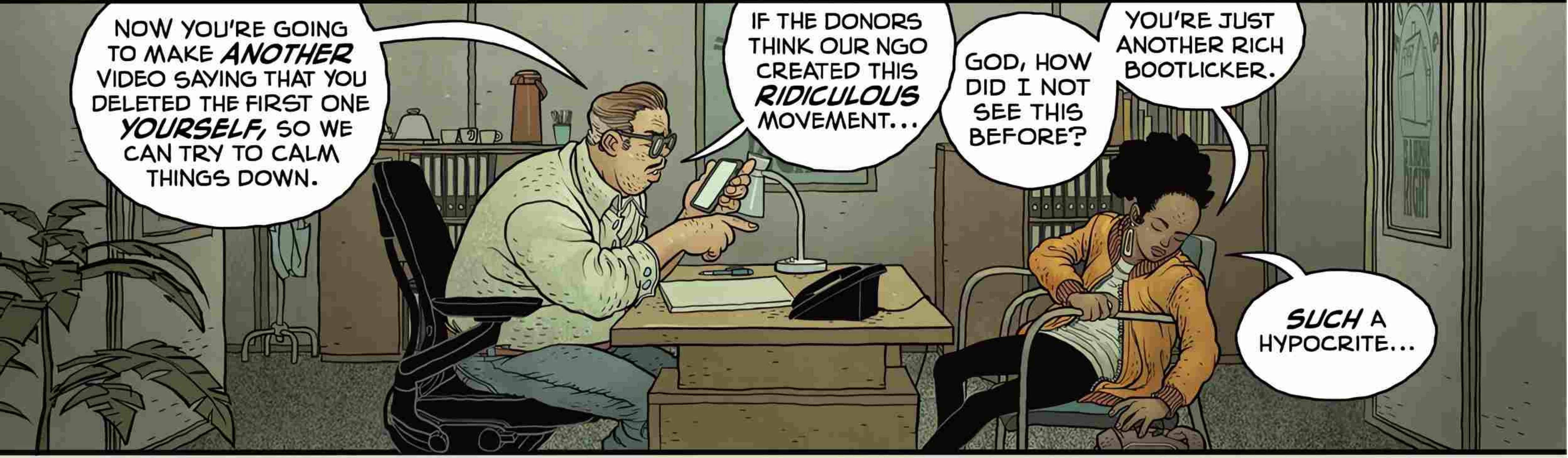
YOU'VE GIVEN ME A BIG HEADACHE, NIA.



EVEN AFTER I DELETED THIS UNAUTHORIZED VIDEO OF YOURS FROM OUR SOCIAL CHANNELS, IT WENT VIRAL. NOW YOUR STUPID HASHTAG IS BECOMING A FUCKING MOVEMENT.

IT'S CALLED THE STREISAND EFFECT, **BOSS**.

RIGHT.



NOW YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE **ANOTHER** VIDEO SAYING THAT YOU DELETED THE FIRST ONE **YOURSELF**, SO WE CAN TRY TO CALM THINGS DOWN.

IF THE DONORS THINK OUR NGO CREATED THIS **RIDICULOUS** MOVEMENT...

GOD, HOW DID I NOT SEE THIS BEFORE?

YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER RICH BOOTLICHER.

SUCH A HYPOCRITE...



WHAT?! **YOU** ARE...

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME KICKING ME TO THE CURB, **BOSS**.

I'M OUT.

MY PLACE IS IN THE STREETS ANYWAY.

The chemical residue from the body of the third victim led me to a clandestine TNT lab. And now I'm hearing chatter about a fourth victim.

What the lab has to do with the murders, I'm still not sure. But now I know my investigation could take another turn before something much worse happens.

I need to find the explosives they were making before it's too late.

That villain is the key.

He was in charge of the lab, but his methods don't match those of the serial killer.

I used to fight gangsters, criminals, and lunatics, but that assassin was something completely new.

Seems like he's obsessed with this old cartoon character called **CRYTOON**.

He was mimicking the character and his violent cartoon gags.

"Don't want to know how much my thoughts hurt," he said while crying.

This is so bizarre.

So complex and fascinating.

MASTER BRUCE, I HAVE TO SAY THAT MY CONCERN IS ALREADY HARD TO MEASURE.

THIS TIME IT WAS CLOSE.

I WAS SAVED BY THE TECHNOLOGY THAT YOU PRACTICALLY **FORCED** ME TO INVEST IN, WASN'T I?

THIS NEW SUIT MAKES ME VIRTUALLY INVULNERABLE.

THAT'S NOT WHAT THESE SCARS AND BRUISES PROVE, MASTER BRUCE.

THESE BRUISES ONLY PROVE ONE THING, ALFRED.

THAT BATMAN NEEDS TO IMPROVE.

WHAT GOOD ARE ALL THESE TOOLS IF THE ONE WHO USES THEM IS NOT FULLY COMMITTED?

I'VE BEEN
PLAGUED BY
MEMORIES OF A
PAST THAT GET IN
THE WAY OF
MY MISSION,
ALFRED.

BRUCE
WAYNE ONLY
SERVED ME
SO THAT
I COULD
EXIST.

WHY ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT
YOURSELF IN THE
THIRD PERSON,
SIR?

I'VE
BEEN
PLANNING
THE PUBLIC
DEATH OF
BRUCE
WAYNE.

ERASING
HIS EXISTENCE
AND WORKING
TO CLEAR HIS
MEMORIES IS
THE NEXT STEP
I MUST TAKE
TO FULLY
COMMIT TO
MY MISSION.

THINGS ARE
GETTING
WORSE, AND
GOTHAM
NEEDS A
FULL-TIME
PROTECTOR.

EXCUSE ME, SIR,
BUT THIS IS THE
GREATEST OF ALL
THE INSANITIES YOU
HAVE EVER SPOKEN IN
YOUR ENTIRE LIFE.

AFTER
I SOLVE THIS
CASE, I WILL TAKE
THE NECESSARY
MEASURES AND
BRUCE WAYNE WILL
NO LONGER
EXIST.

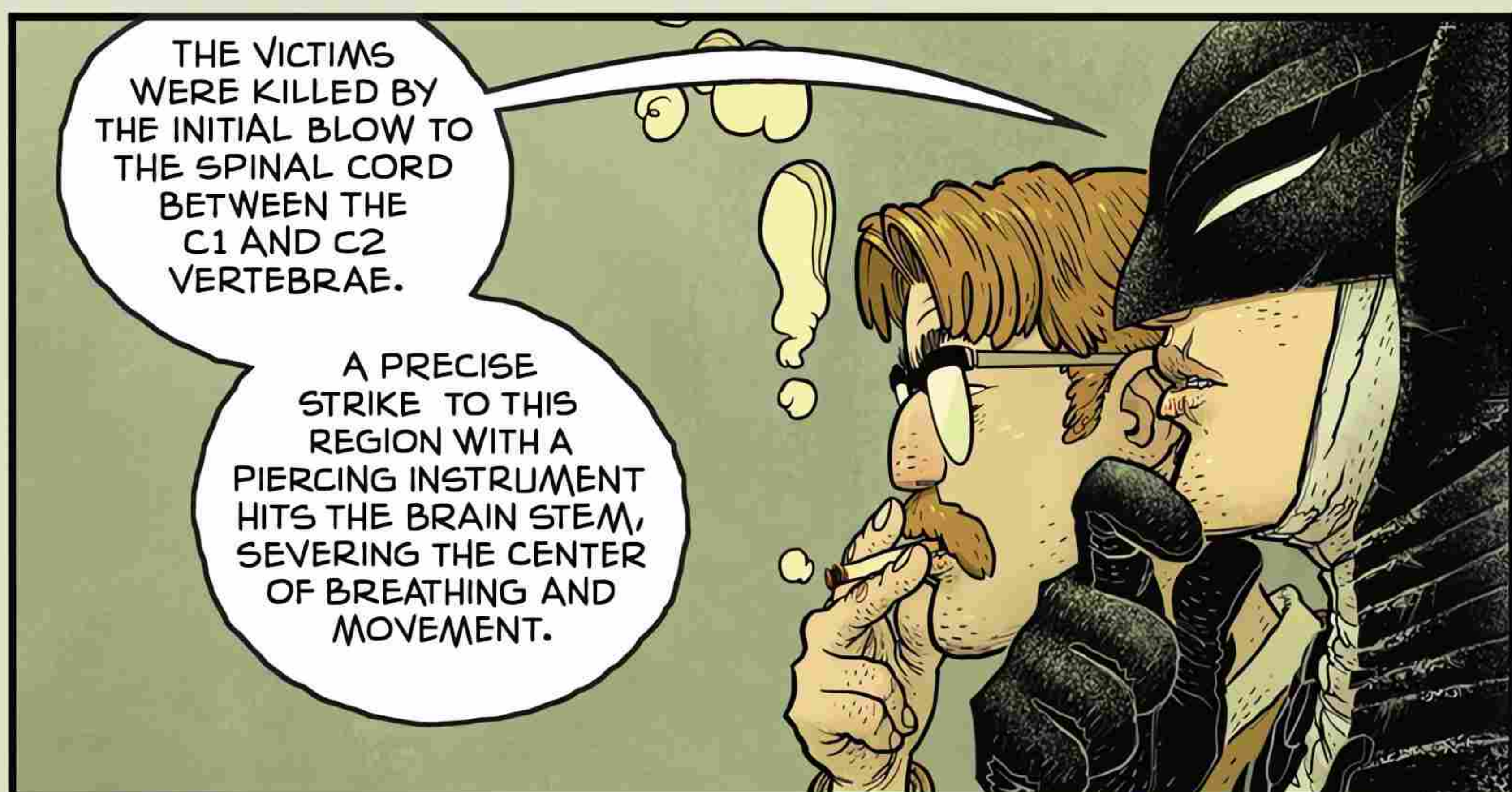
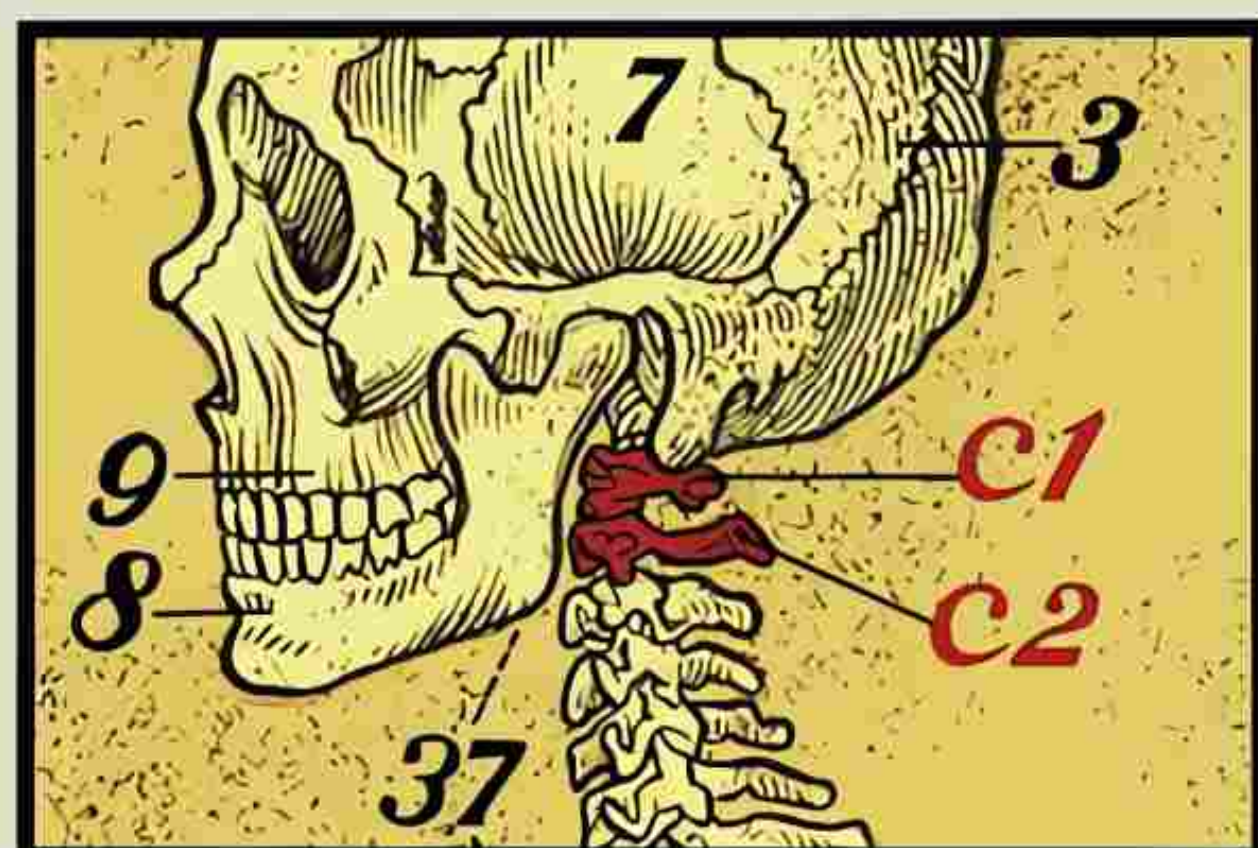
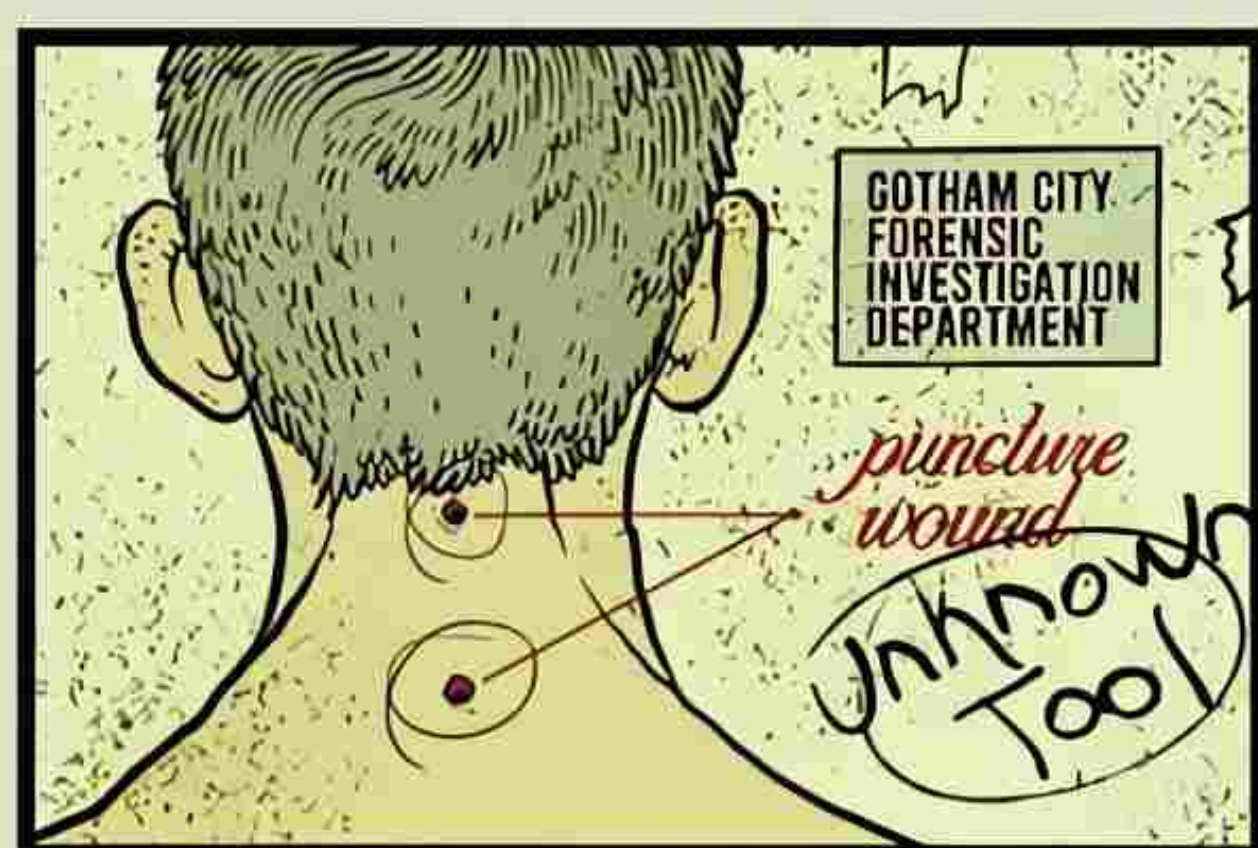
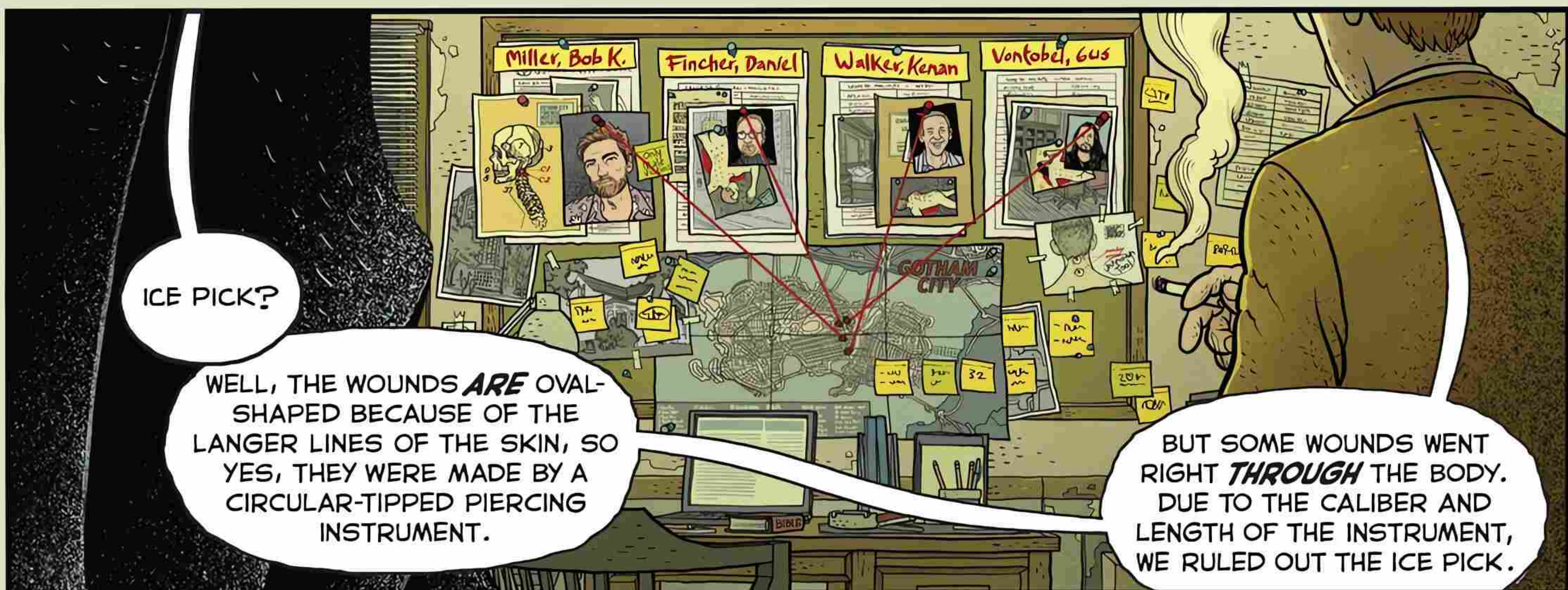
IT'S ALL
SET UP.

I WILL **NOT** ALLOW
BATMAN TO
SUPPRESS BRUCE
WAYNE, SIR.

TOO LATE,
ALFRED.

Gotham City Times
near to the Wayne fortune loses his life in speed
**BRUCE
WAYNE
DIES IN
CRASH**

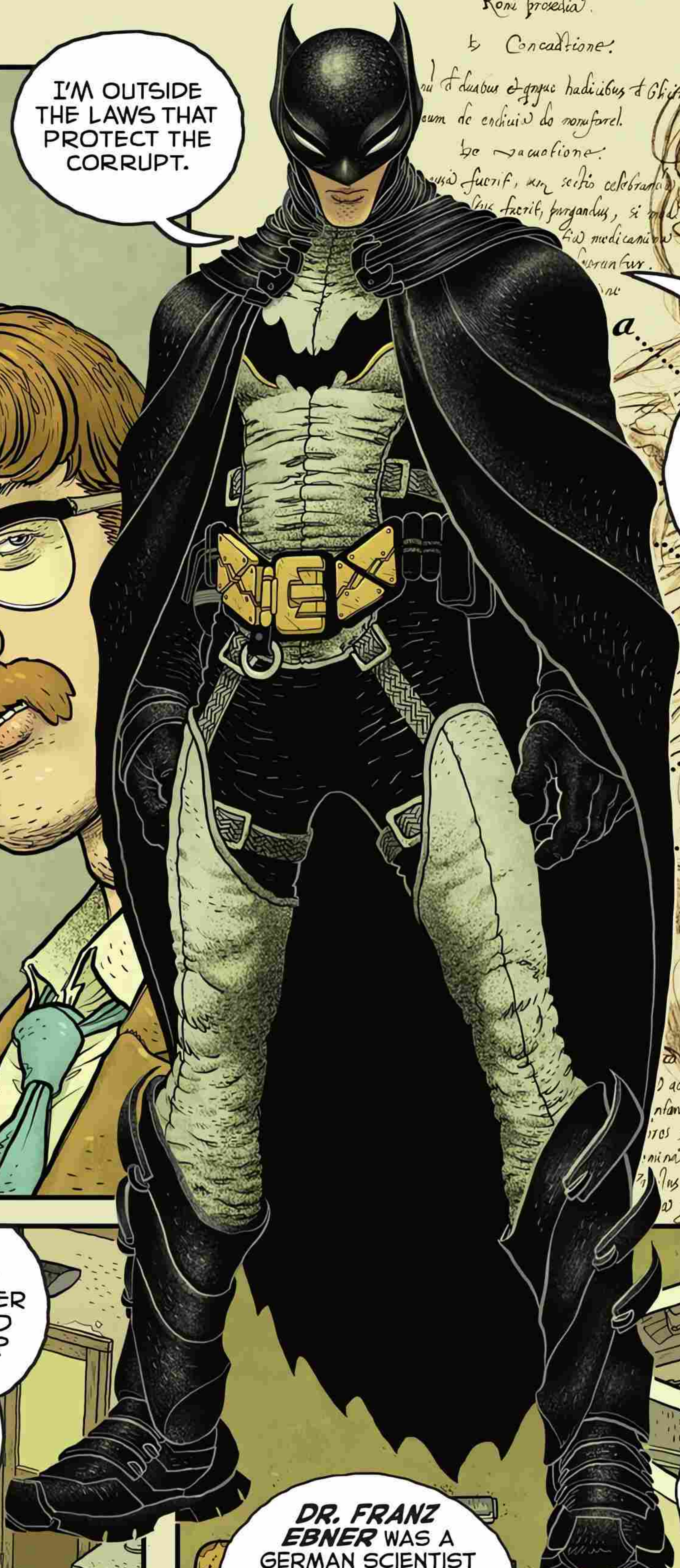
Gotham Gazette
**BRUCE WAYNE
KILLED
IN AUTO CRASH**
Billionaire's car smashes into tree



YOU KNOW THAT WOULD GET ME IN BIG TROUBLE, BATMAN.

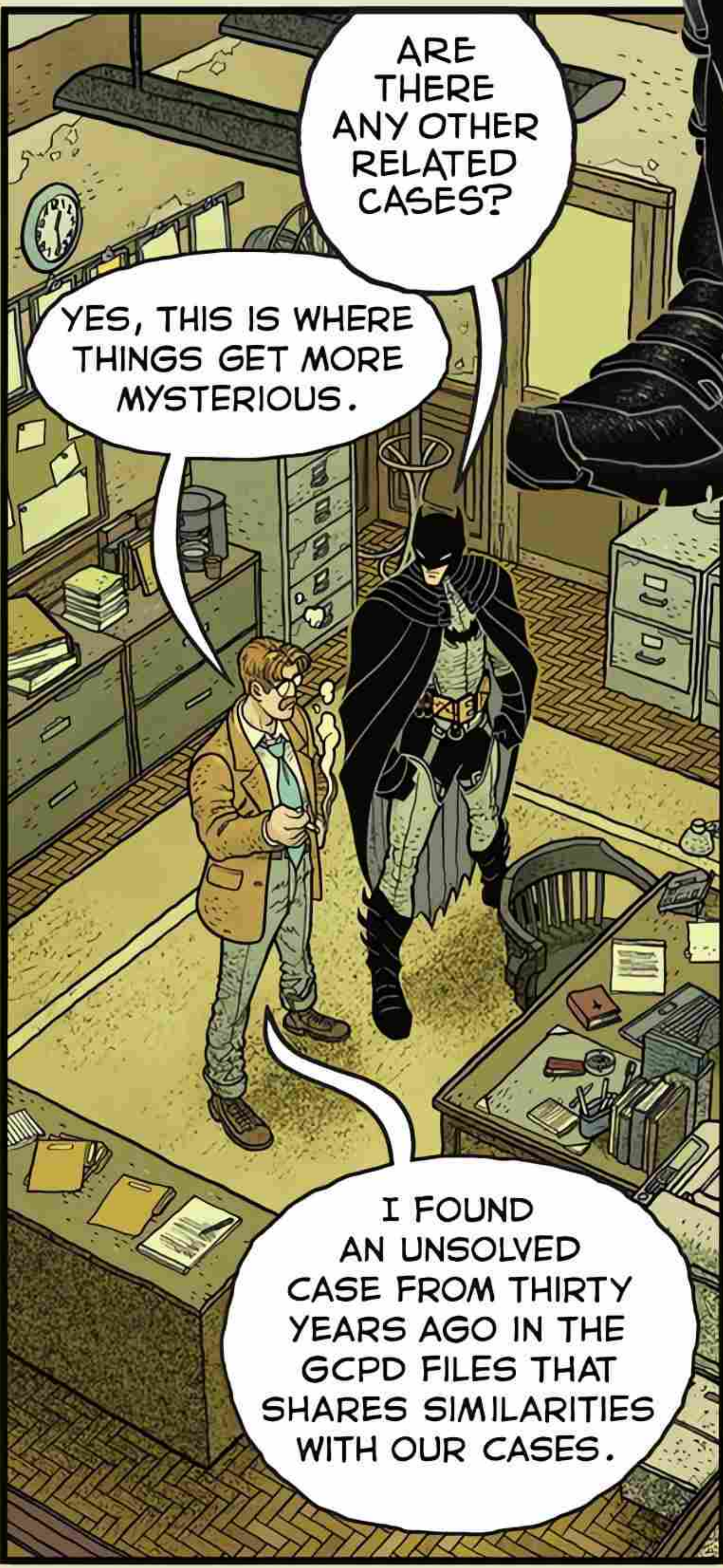
MANY IN THE DEPARTMENT STILL CONSIDER YOU AN OUTLAW.

I'M OUTSIDE THE LAWS THAT PROTECT THE CORRUPT.



ANYWAY, THE PATTERN OF THE WOUNDS CORRESPONDS TO ENERGY POINTS IN THE HUMAN BODY.

THE KILLER IS SENDING A MESSAGE.



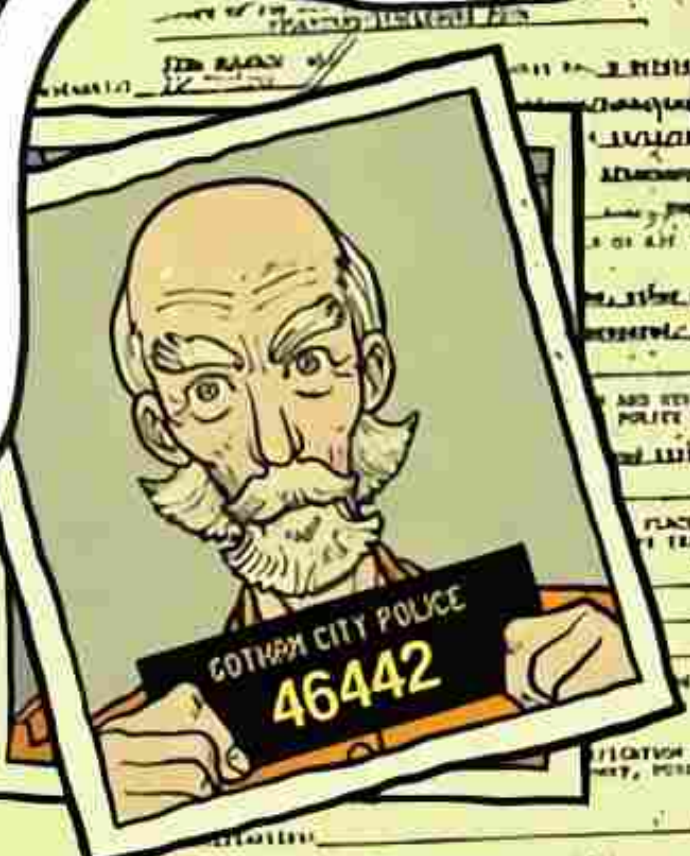
ARE THERE ANY OTHER RELATED CASES?

YES, THIS IS WHERE THINGS GET MORE MYSTERIOUS.

I FOUND AN UNSOLVED CASE FROM THIRTY YEARS AGO IN THE GCPD FILES THAT SHARES SIMILARITIES WITH OUR CASES.

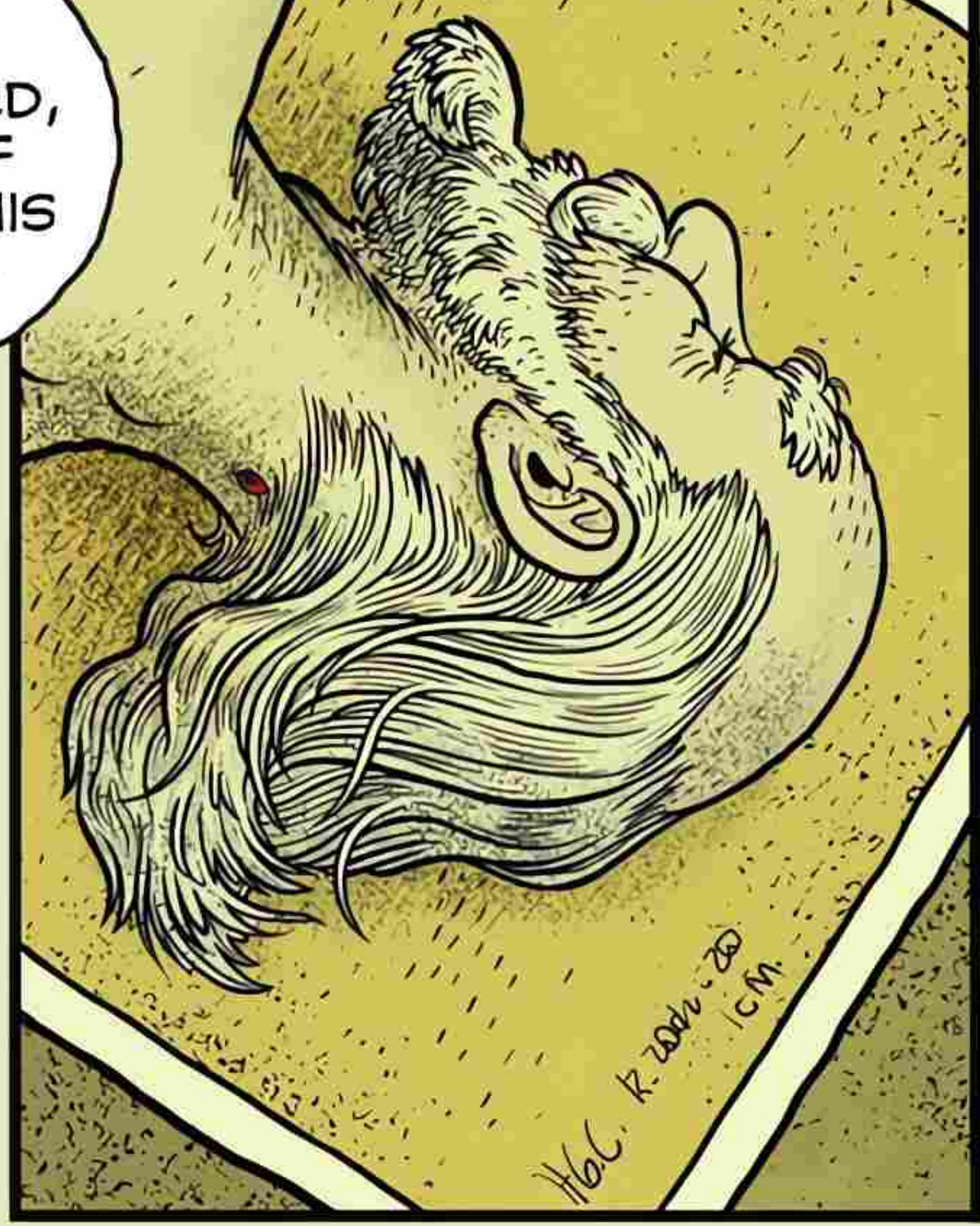
DR. FRANZ EBNER WAS A GERMAN SCIENTIST BASED IN GOTHAM CITY, RESEARCHING THE PROPERTIES OF THE **ENERGY FIELD** OF THE HUMAN BODY.

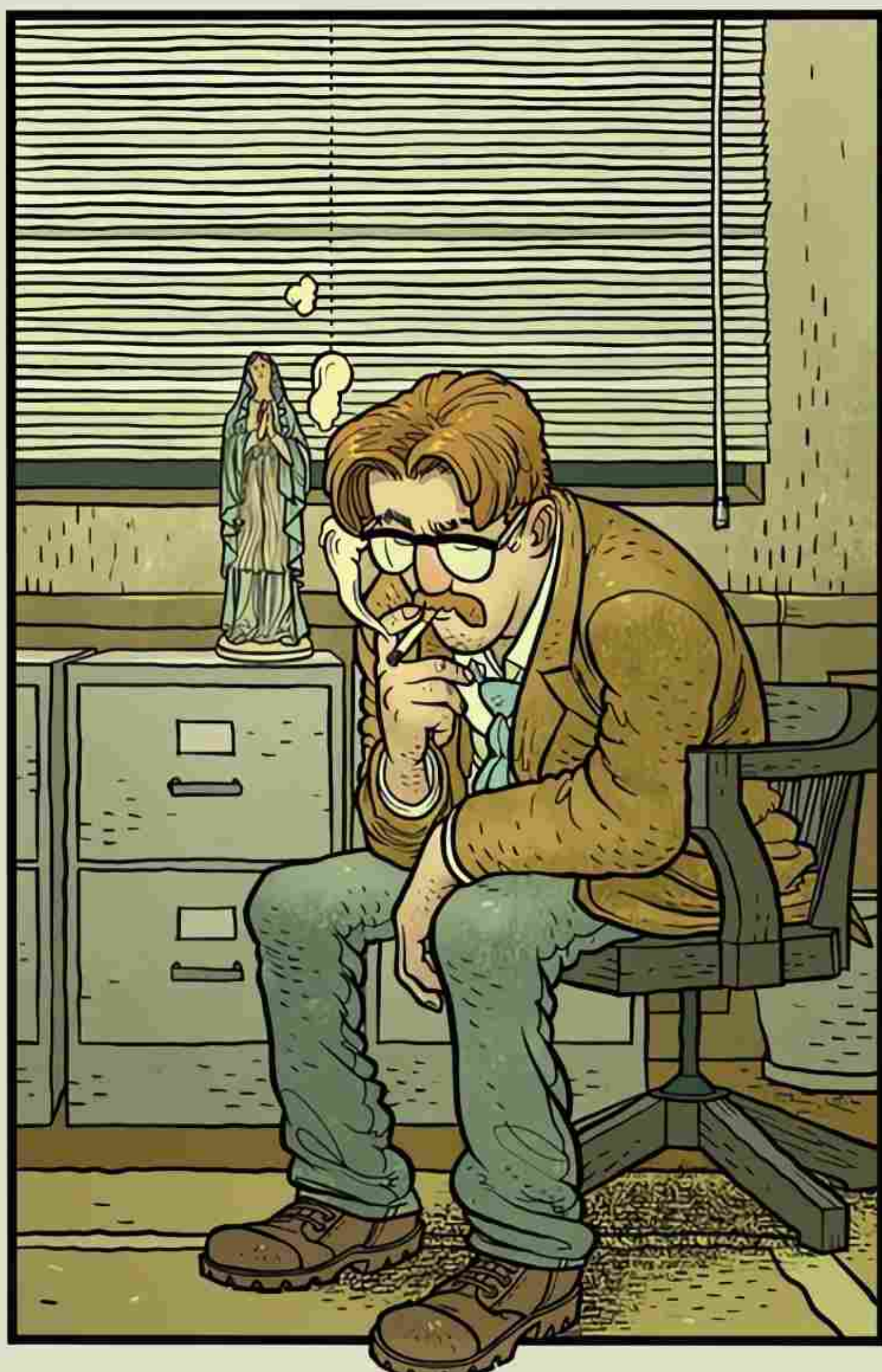
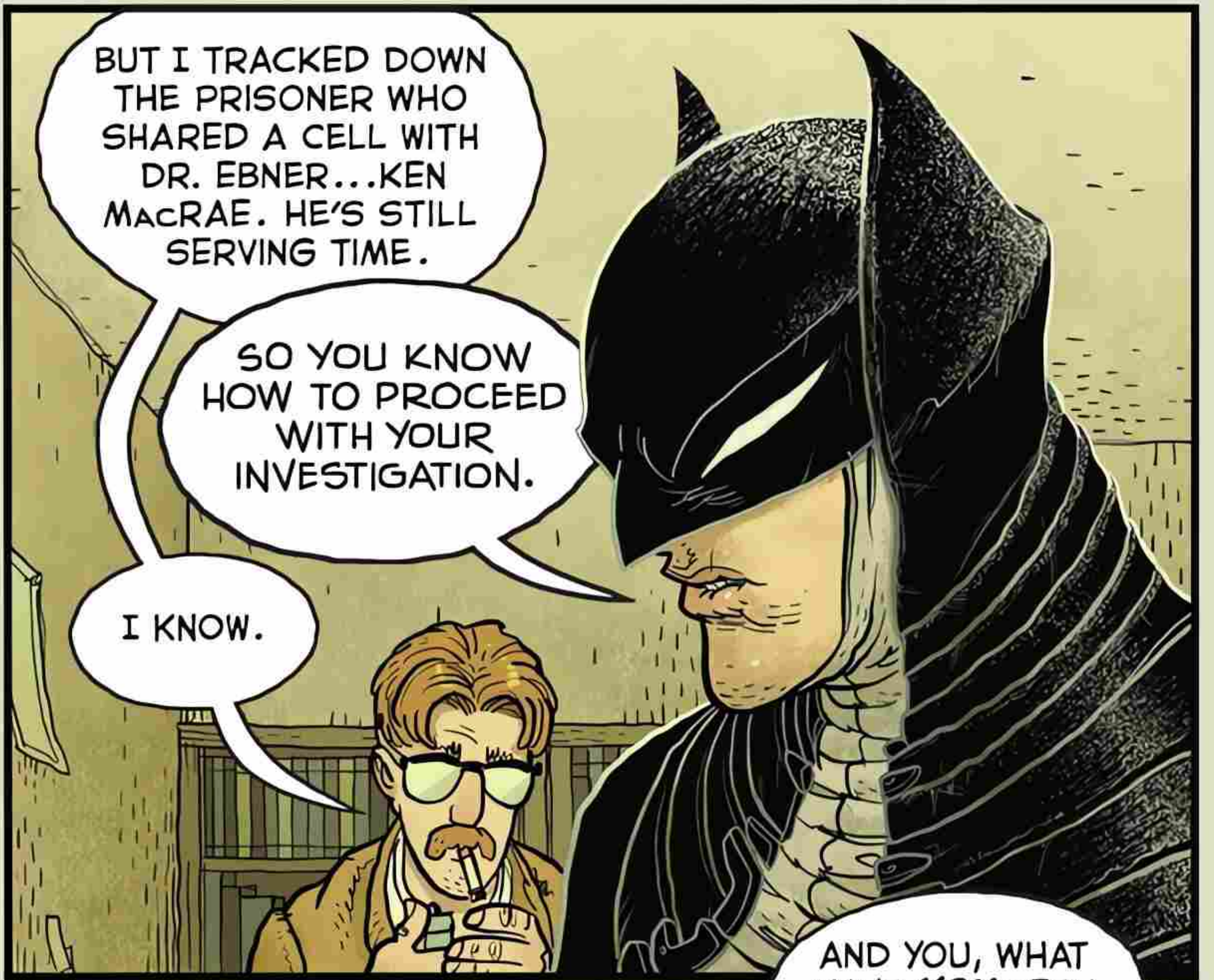
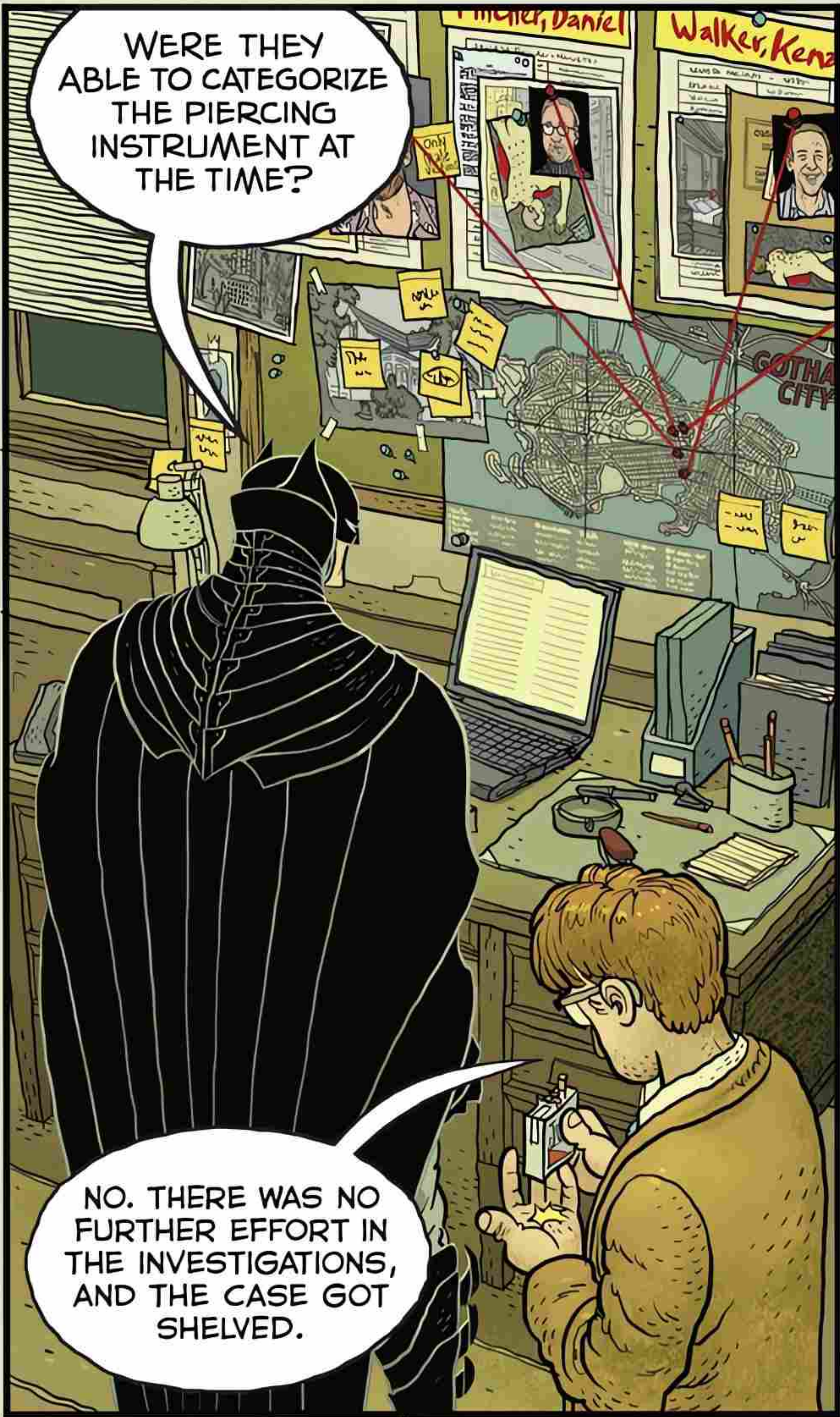
HOWEVER, DR. EBNER WAS ARRESTED, ACCUSED OF MURDERING HIS ASSISTANT.

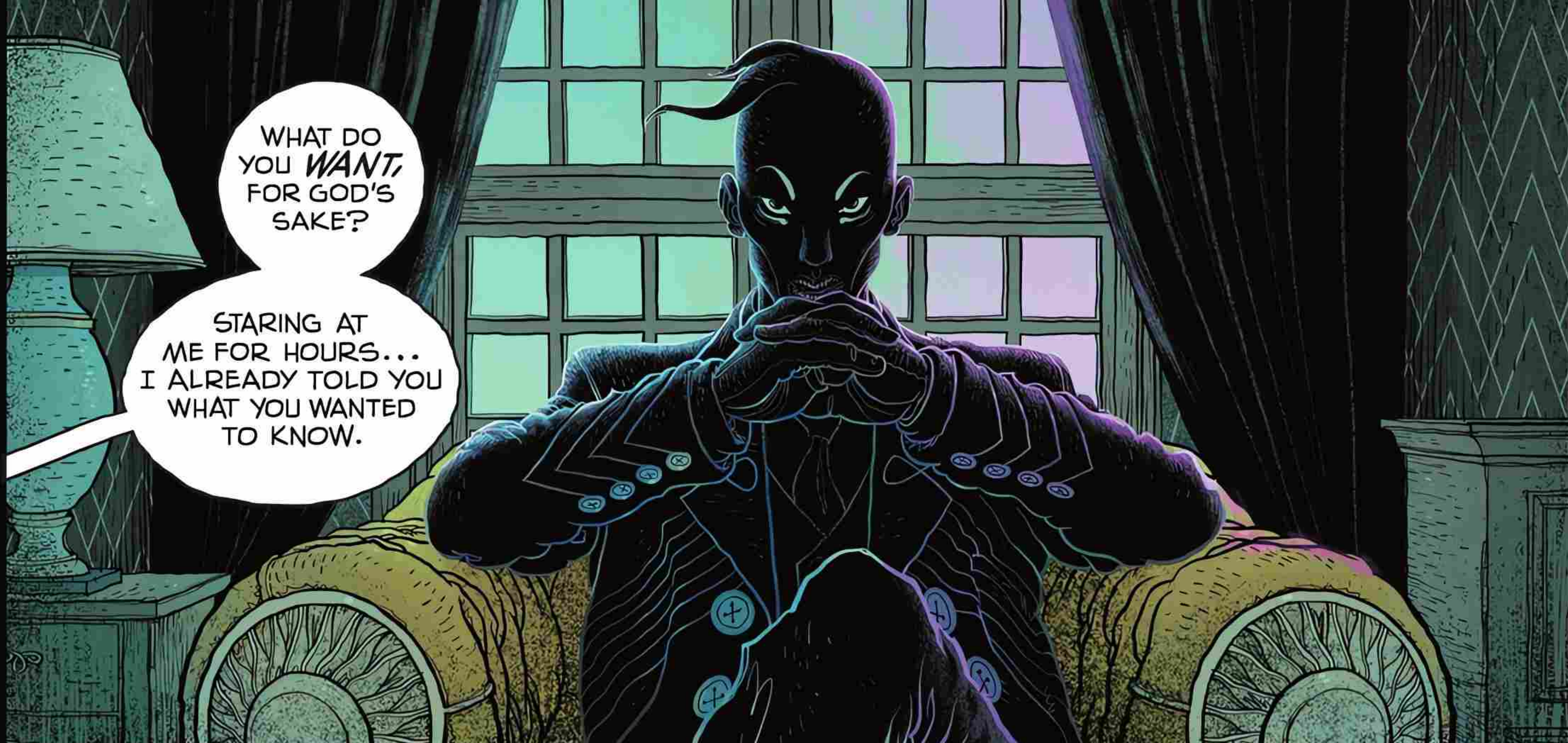


HE SERVED HIS SENTENCE, AND WAS LATER FOUND DEAD IN A HOTEL ROOM.

THE WOUND ON DR. EBNER'S NECK HAD THE SAME CHARACTERISTICS AS THE INJURIES OF THE VICTIMS WE ARE INVESTIGATING.







WHAT DO YOU *WANT*, FOR GOD'S SAKE?

STARING AT ME FOR HOURS... I ALREADY TOLD YOU WHAT YOU WANTED TO KNOW.



IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO DO SOMETHING TO ME, YOU WOULD HAVE ALREADY DONE IT.

SO WHAT'S THE JOKE? YOU COME TO MY HOUSE, ASKING ABOUT THAT SHITTY CARTOON CHARACTER THAT ONLY EVER BROUGHT ME HEADACHES?

DAMN THE DAY I BOUGHT THE RIGHTS TO THAT JUNK.

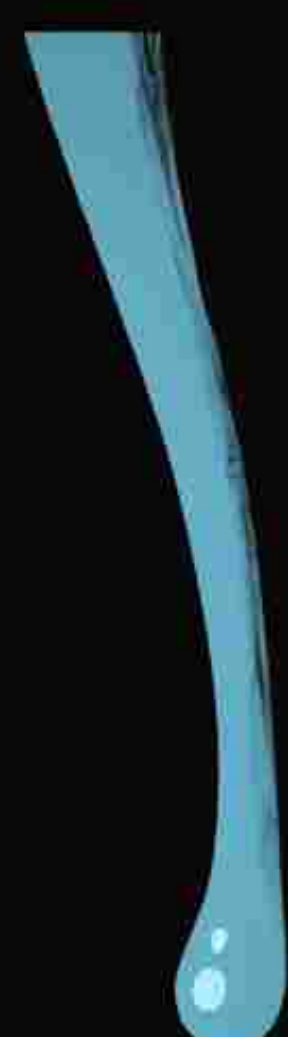
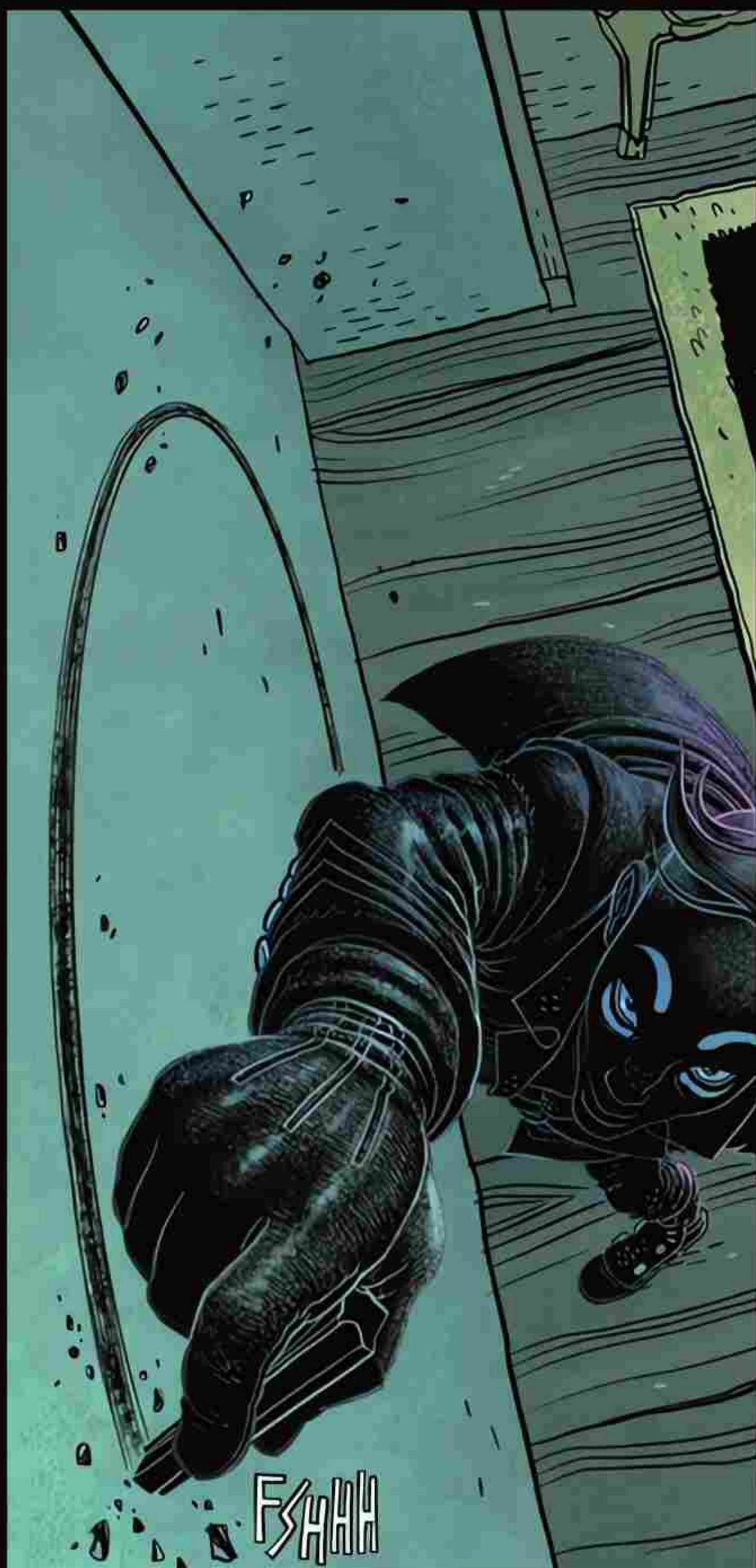
I'M A *SERIOUS* PRODUCER. I GET MONEY FROM BIG INVESTORS, I'VE MADE MOVIES, I'VE GOT THE MIND OF A GENIUS.



HEY--*HEY!* WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



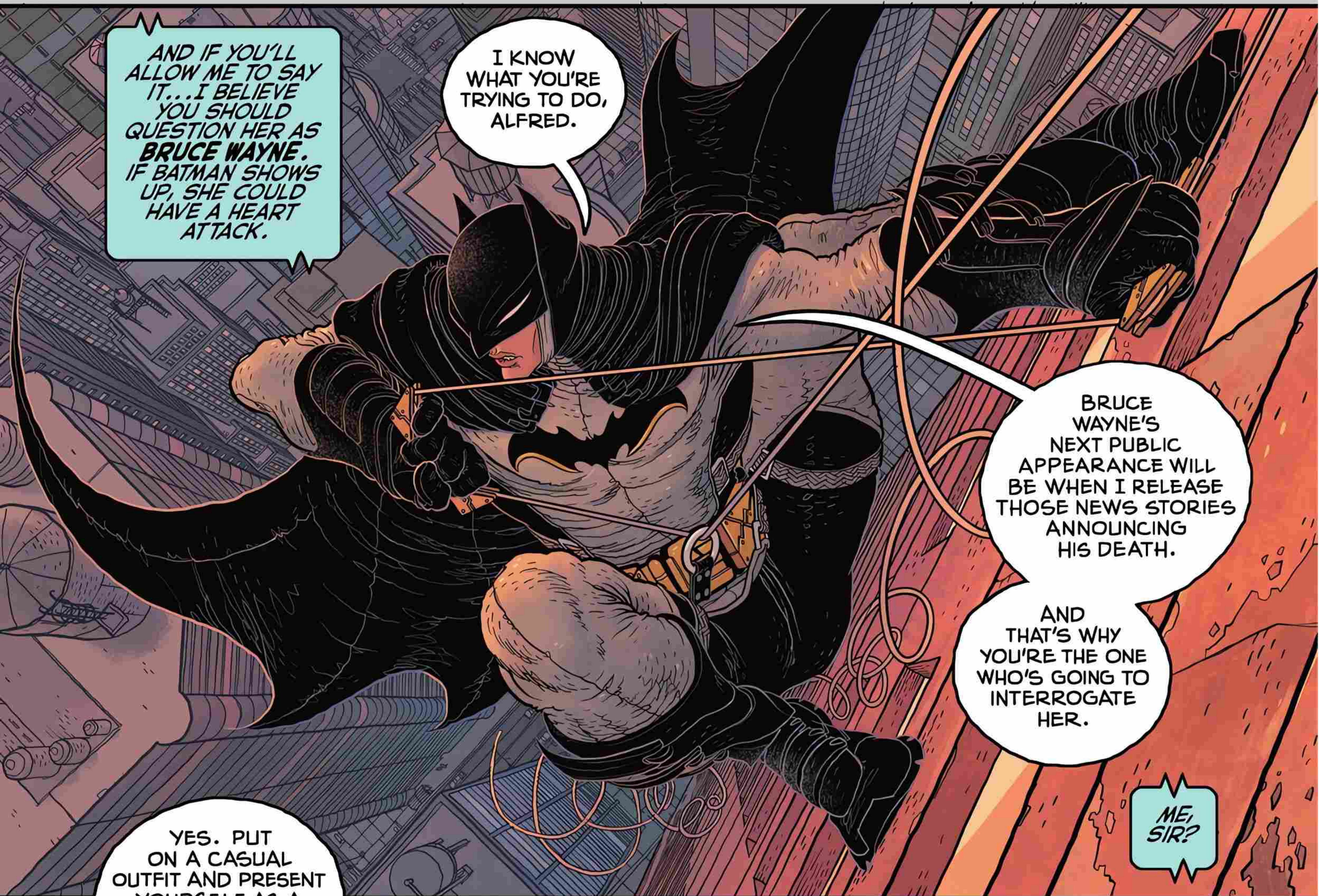
STOP GRAFFITING MY WALL!





MASTER BRUCE,
THE NAME OF THE
CREATOR OF THE OLD
CARTOON CHARACTER
IS **BOB LEE**. HE DIED
TWO DECADES AGO,
LEAVING ONLY A
WIDOW.

I FOUND
THE ADDRESS
WHERE SHE
LIVES.



AND IF YOU'LL
ALLOW ME TO SAY
IT... I BELIEVE
YOU SHOULD
QUESTION HER AS
BRUCE WAYNE.
IF BATMAN SHOWS
UP, SHE COULD
HAVE A HEART
ATTACK.

I KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TRYING TO DO,
ALFRED.

BRUCE
WAYNE'S
NEXT PUBLIC
APPEARANCE WILL
BE WHEN I RELEASE
THOSE NEWS STORIES
ANNOUNCING
HIS DEATH.

AND
THAT'S WHY
YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO'S GOING TO
INTERROGATE
HER.

ME,
SIR?

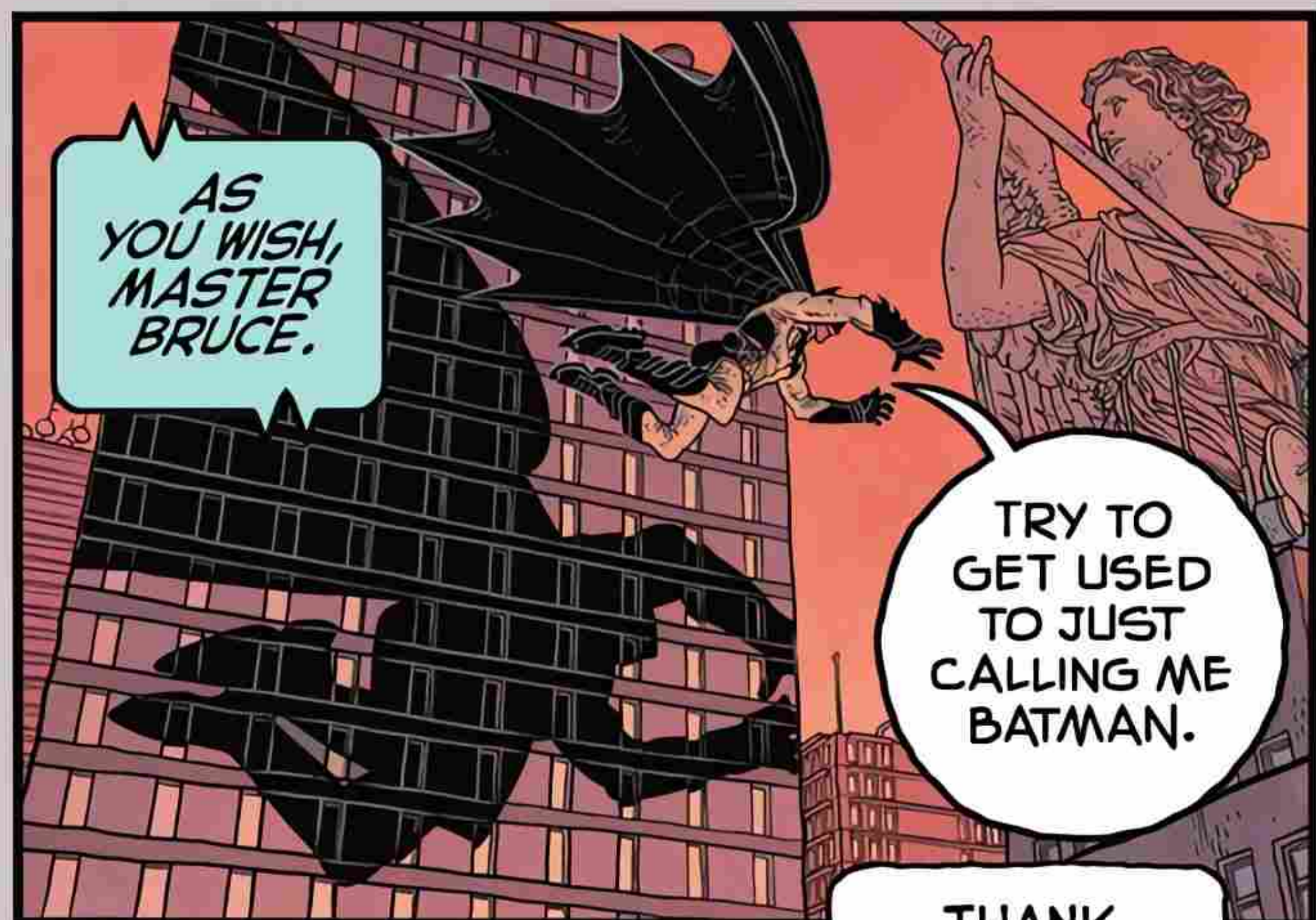
YES. PUT
ON A CASUAL
OUTFIT AND PRESENT
YOURSELF AS A
COLLECTOR OF
HER HUSBAND'S
WORK.

USE
WHAT YOU
LEARNED
IN YOUR
DAYS AS AN
ACTOR.

GET
ALL THE
INFORMATION
YOU
CAN ABOUT
THE BOB
LEE
ARCHIVES.

AND
PREPARE
THE **BLIND
MACHINE**.

IT'S
TIME TO
TEST IT.

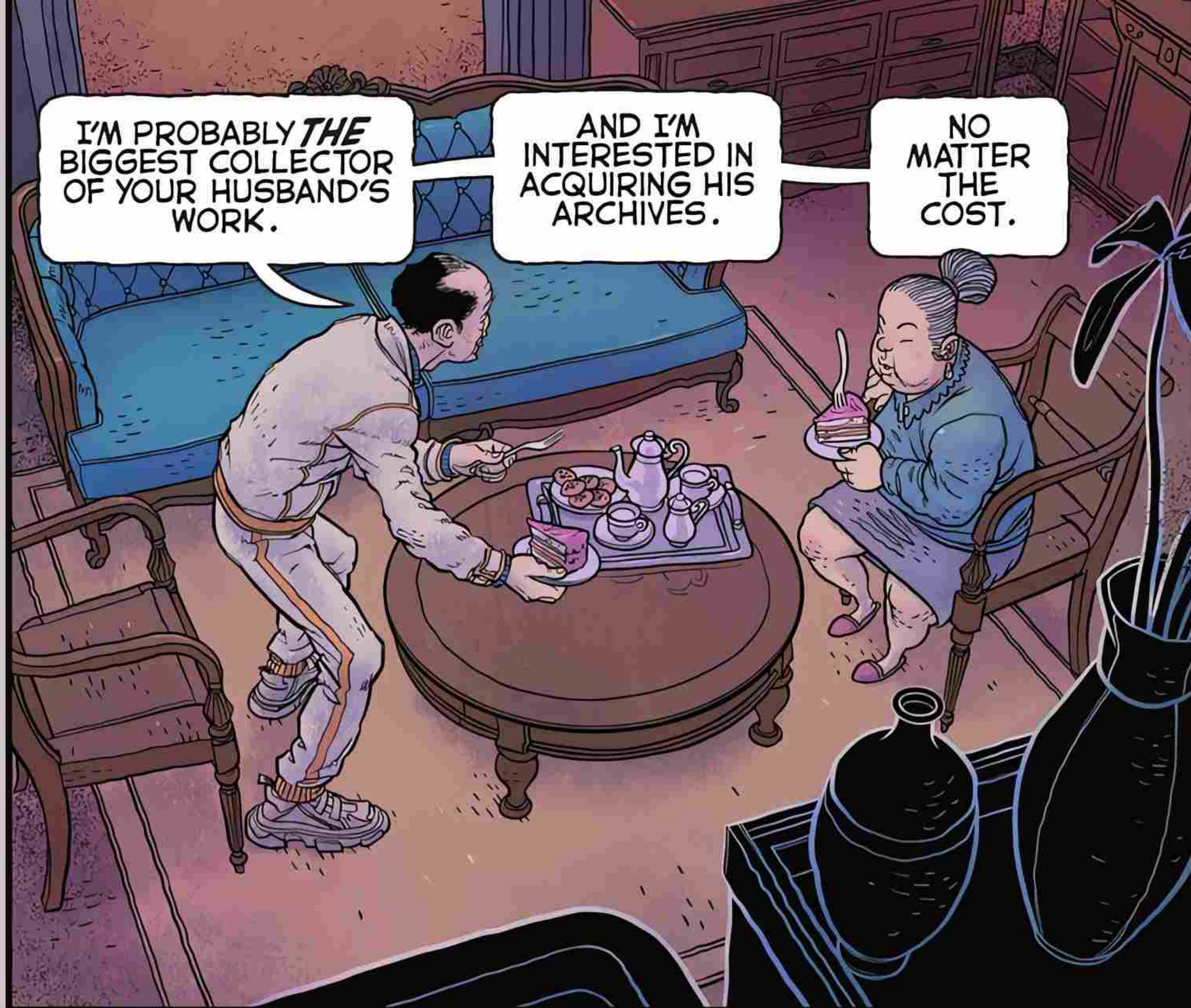


AS
YOU WISH,
MASTER
BRUCE.

TRY TO
GET USED
TO JUST
CALLING ME
BATMAN.

THANK
YOU SO
MUCH FOR
HAVING ME,
MS. LEE.

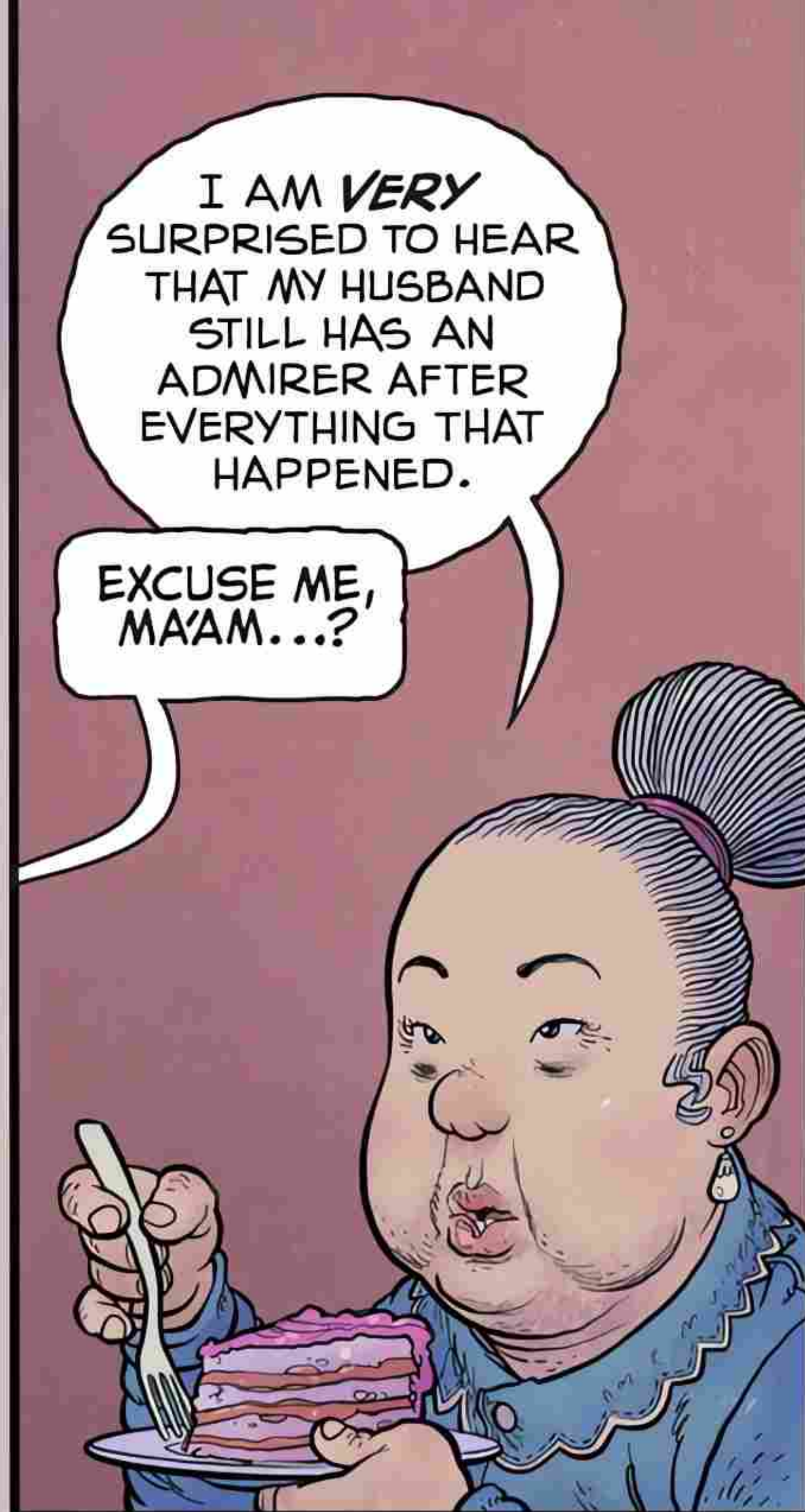




I'M PROBABLY *THE* BIGGEST COLLECTOR OF YOUR HUSBAND'S WORK.

AND I'M INTERESTED IN ACQUIRING HIS ARCHIVES.

NO MATTER THE COST.



I AM *VERY* SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT MY HUSBAND STILL HAS AN ADMIRER AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED.

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM...?



"I AM REFERRING TO THE TRAGEDY THAT HAPPENED AT THAT SCHOOL.

"WELL, YOU'RE HIS BIGGEST FAN. YOU SHOULD KNOW WHY THE SHOW WAS BANNED, SHOULDN'T YOU?"

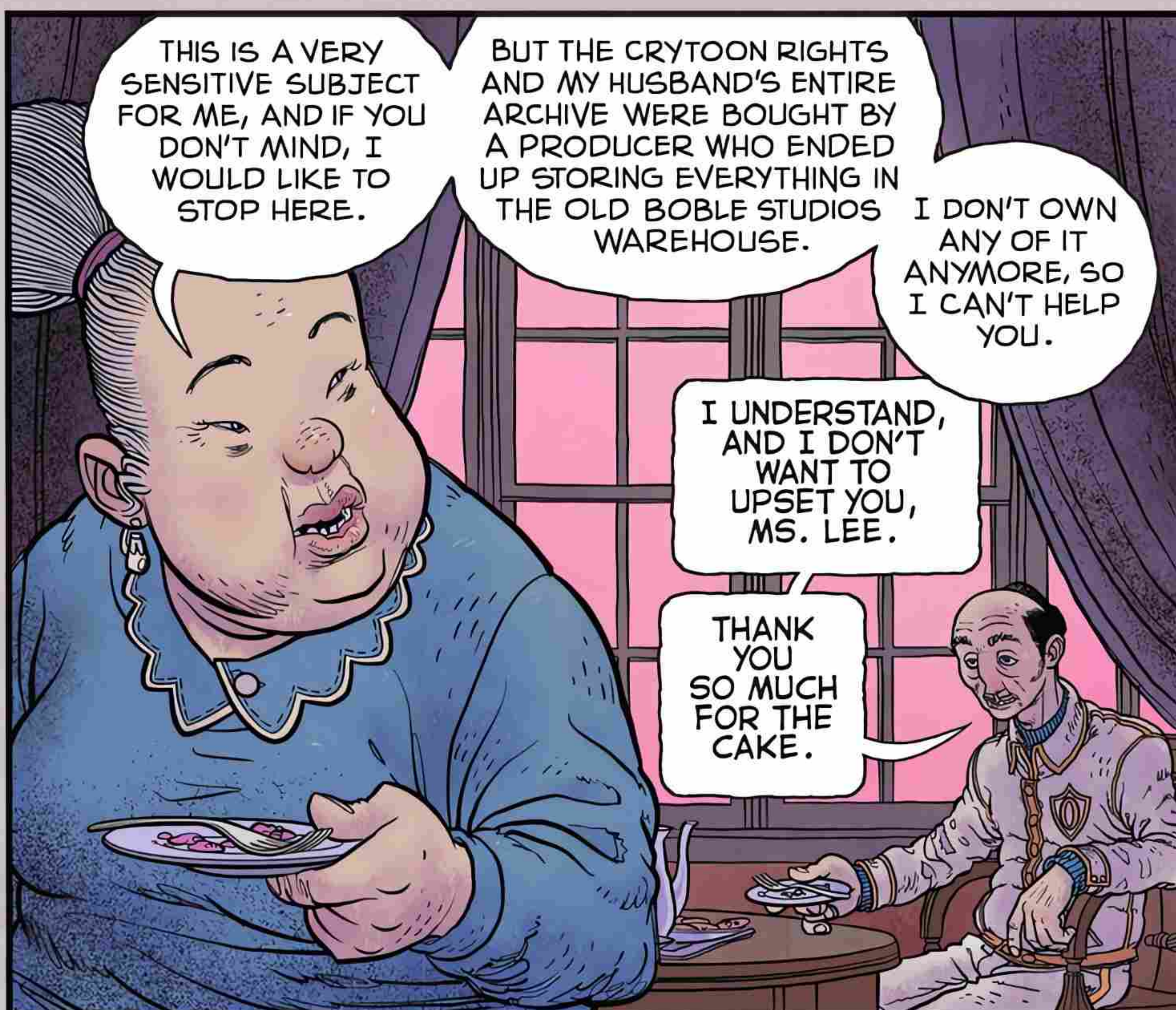


OH, *YES*, OF COURSE... *THAT...*

BUT WHAT HAPPENED DOESN'T DETRACT FROM THE VALUE OF YOUR HUSBAND'S WORK.

...IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE TRAGEDY?

MY HUSBAND'S LAWYERS BURIED THE CONTROVERSY. BUT MY HUSBAND DIED SOON AFTER, DROWNED IN GUILT.



THIS IS A VERY SENSITIVE SUBJECT FOR ME, AND IF YOU DON'T MIND, I WOULD LIKE TO STOP HERE.

BUT THE CRYTOON RIGHTS AND MY HUSBAND'S ENTIRE ARCHIVE WERE BOUGHT BY A PRODUCER WHO ENDED UP STORING EVERYTHING IN THE OLD BOBLE STUDIOS WAREHOUSE.

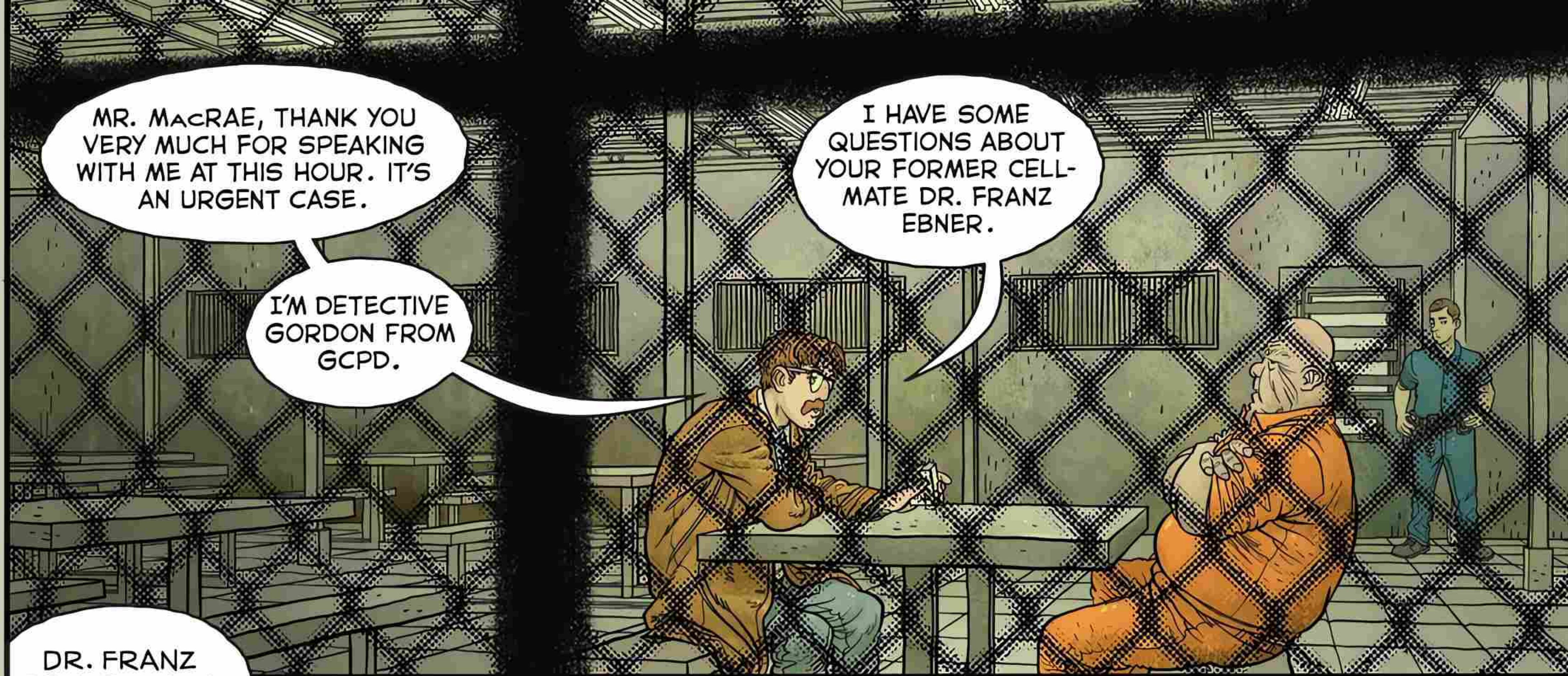
I DON'T OWN ANY OF IT ANYMORE, SO I CAN'T HELP YOU.

I UNDERSTAND, AND I DON'T WANT TO UPSET YOU, MS. LEE.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THE CAKE.



IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK, I JUST HAVE ONE MORE REQUEST...



MR. MACRAE, THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR SPEAKING WITH ME AT THIS HOUR. IT'S AN URGENT CASE.

I'M DETECTIVE GORDON FROM GCPD.

I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR FORMER CELL-MATE DR. FRANZ EBNER.



DR. FRANZ EBNER...YOU MEAN **DR. GEIST?**

MY GOD, I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT SAD SACK OF SHIT.

WHAT COULD BE SO URGENT? HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS.



DR. GEIST?

IT WAS THAT CRAZY GERMAN GUY'S NICKNAME HERE IN PRISON.

YOU GONNA OFFER ME A CIGARETTE?



IT'S MY LAST ONE, BUT--

I ONLY ASKED FOR ONE, DIDN'T I?

RIGHT.

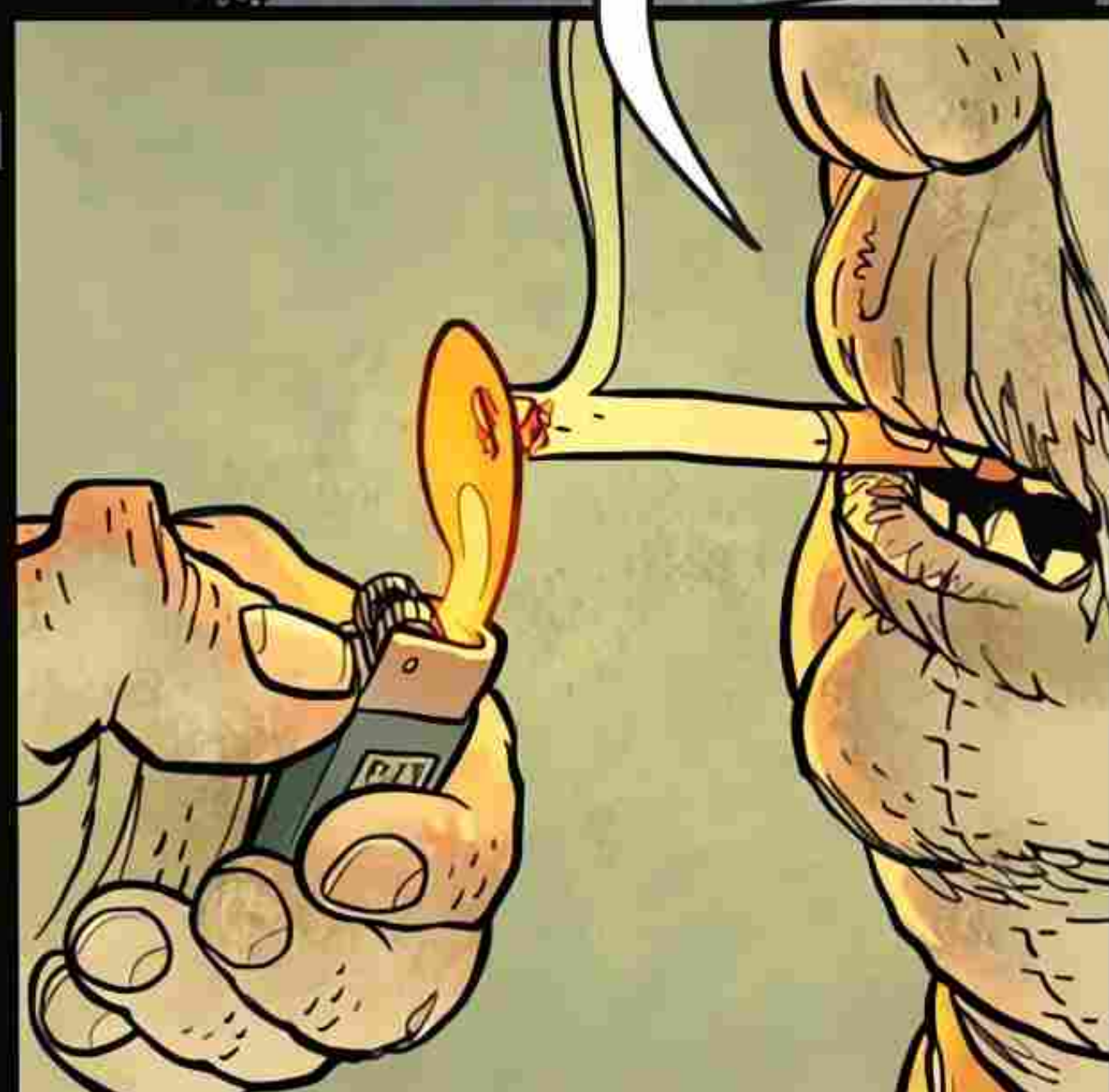


WELL, DR. GEIST... HE NEVER TALKED TO ANYONE, HE JUST WANTED TO WRITE.

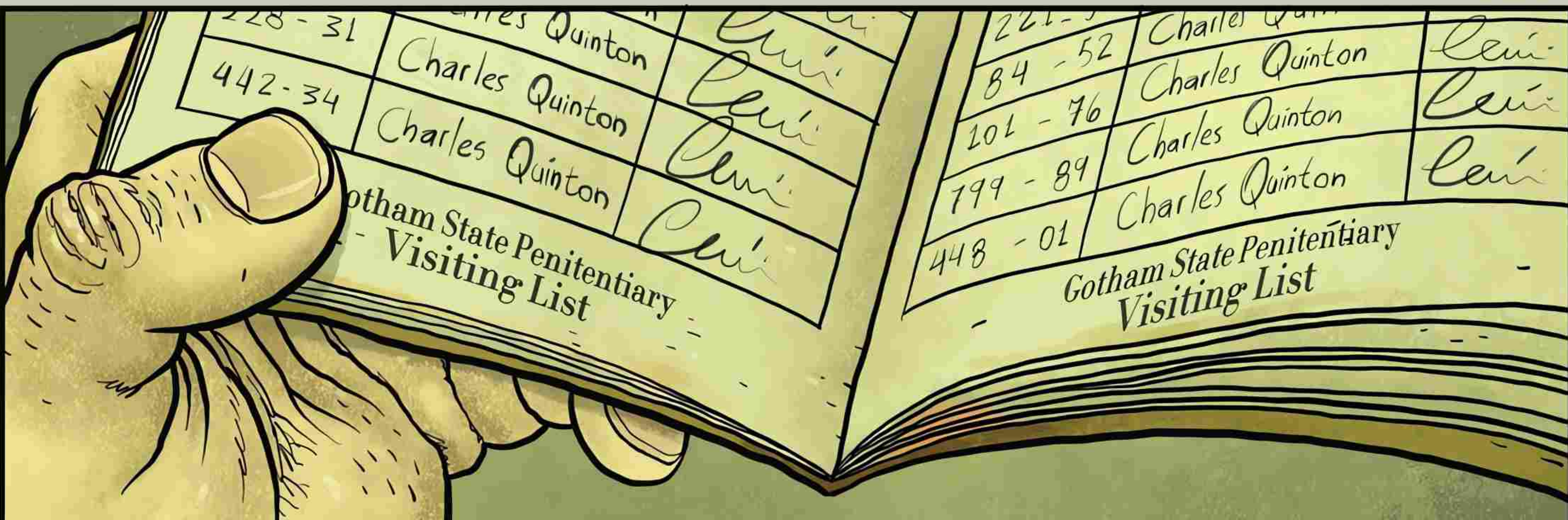
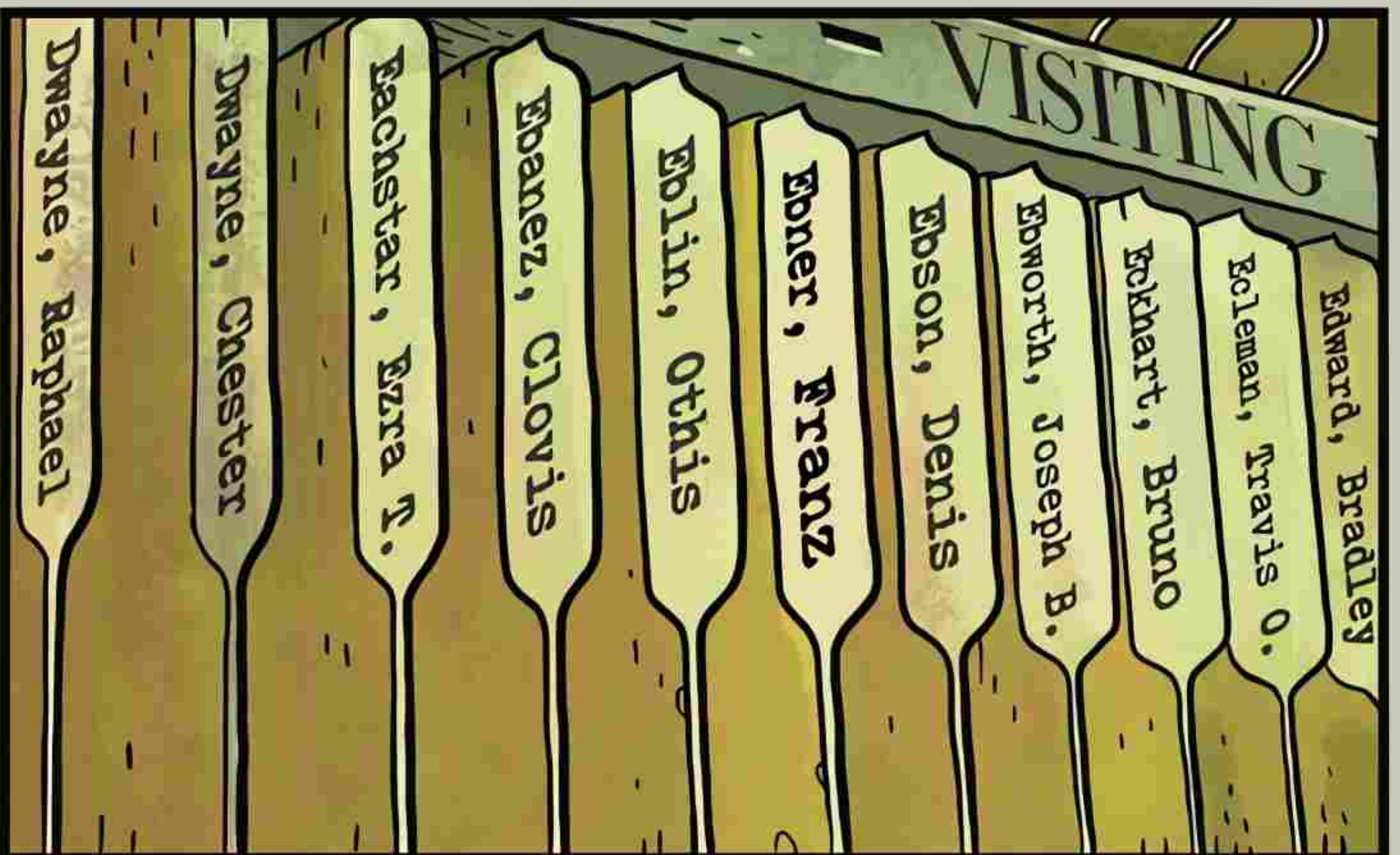
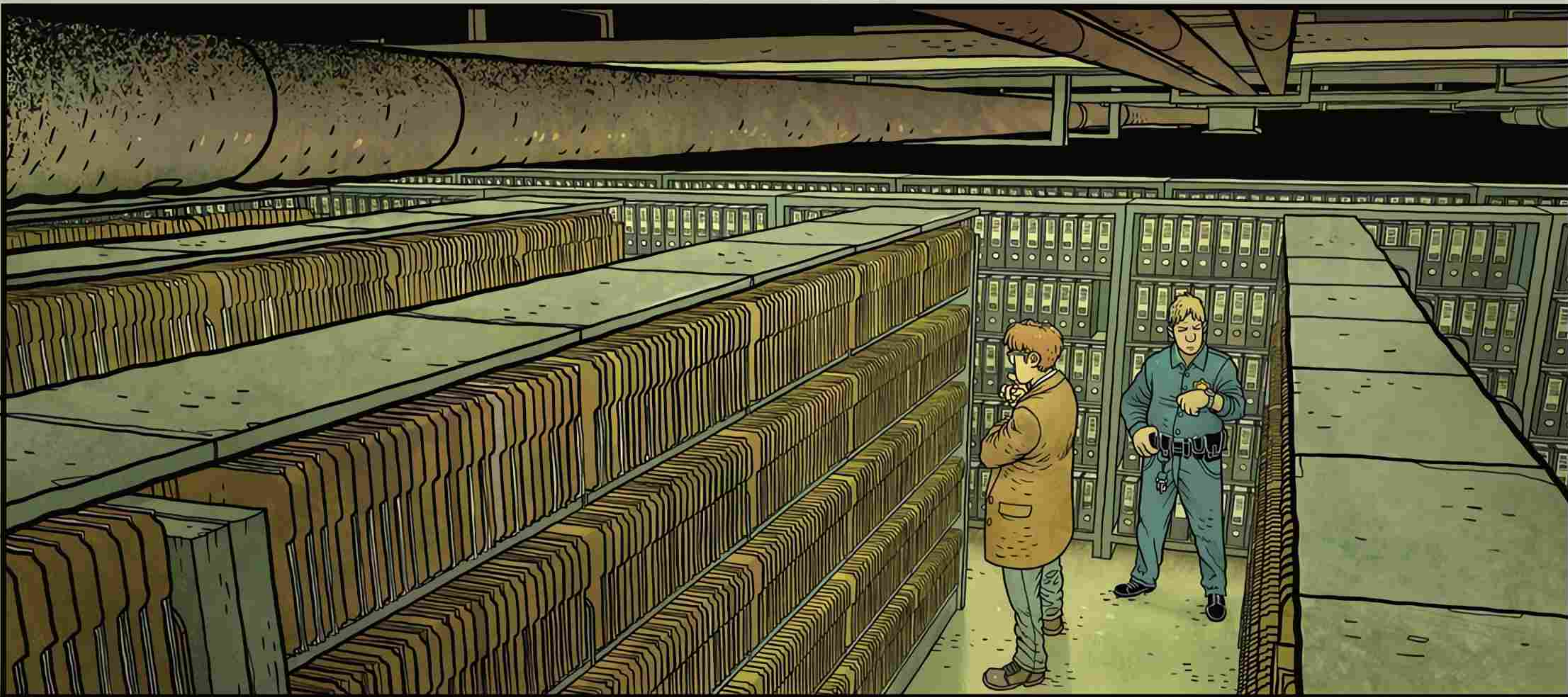
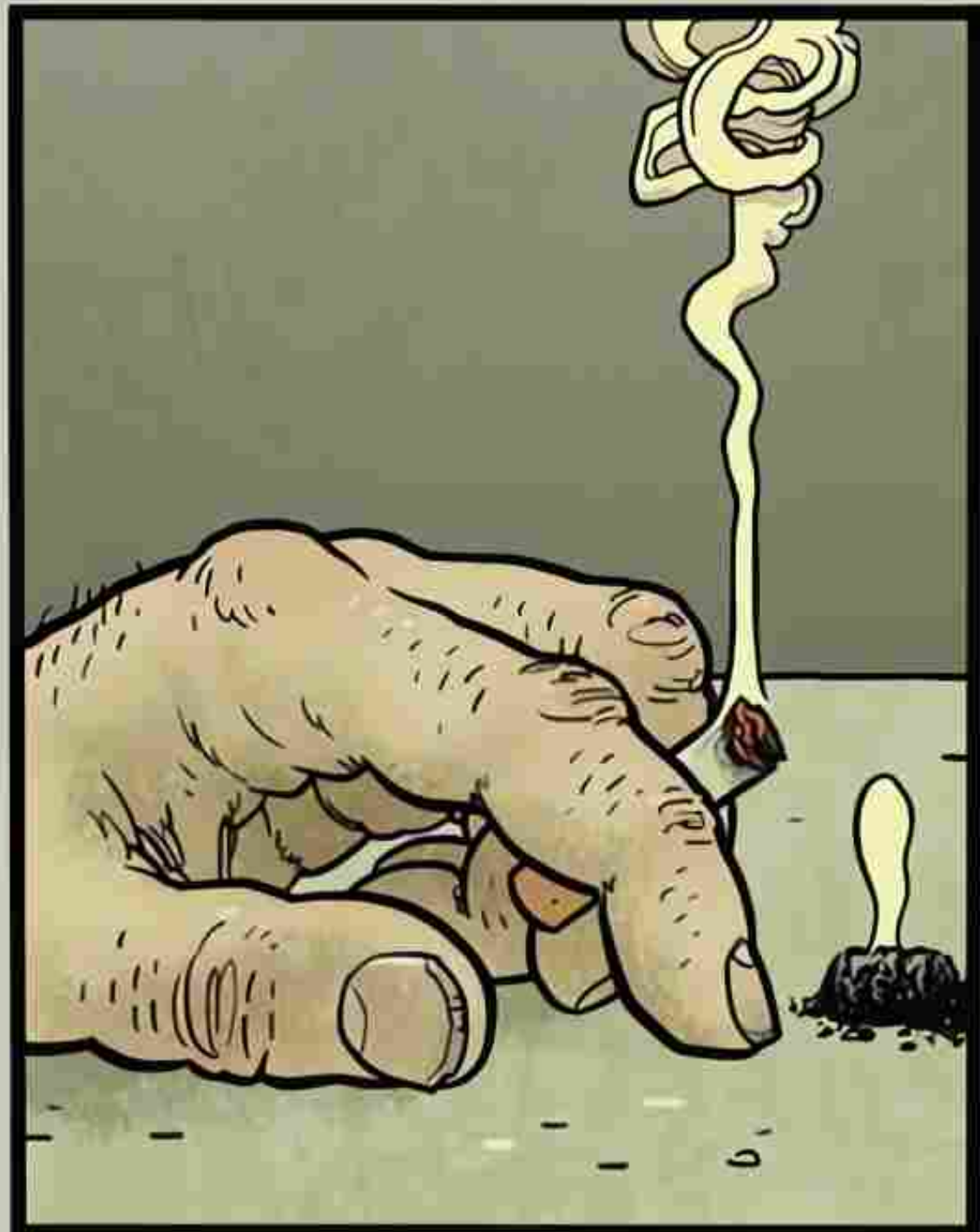
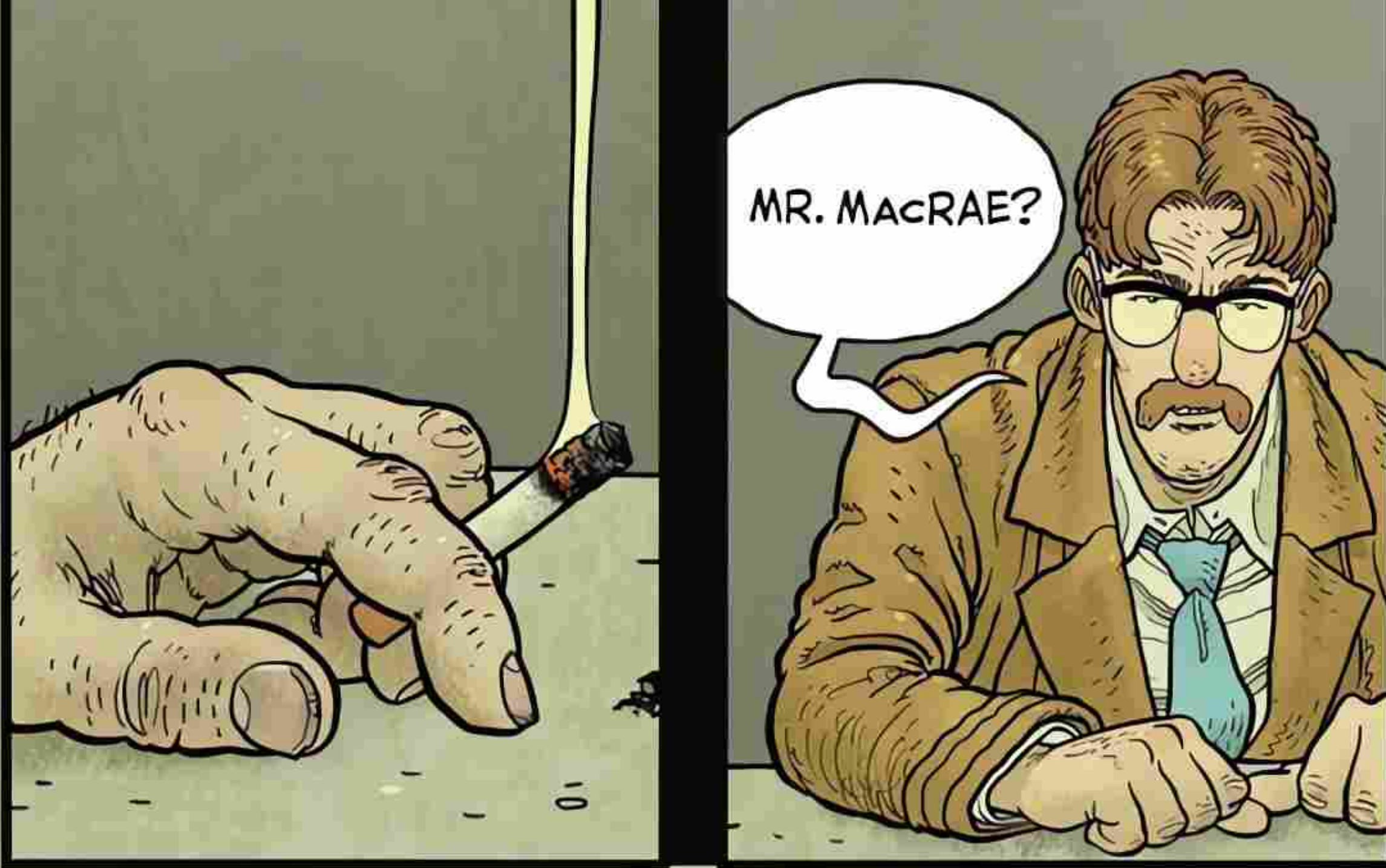
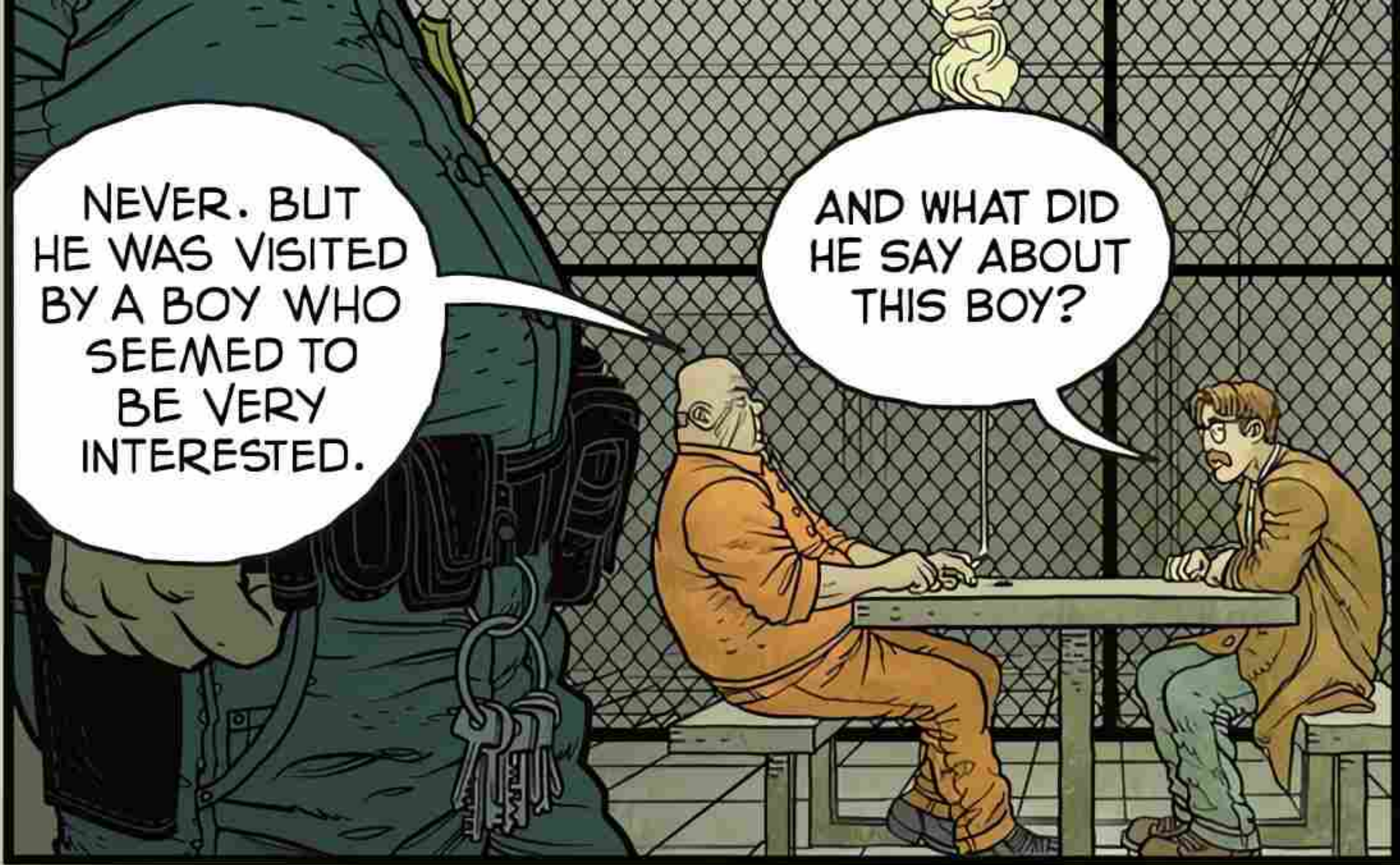
HE WROTE DAY AND NIGHT WITHOUT STOPPING. SOMETIMES HE DIDN'T EVEN SLEEP.

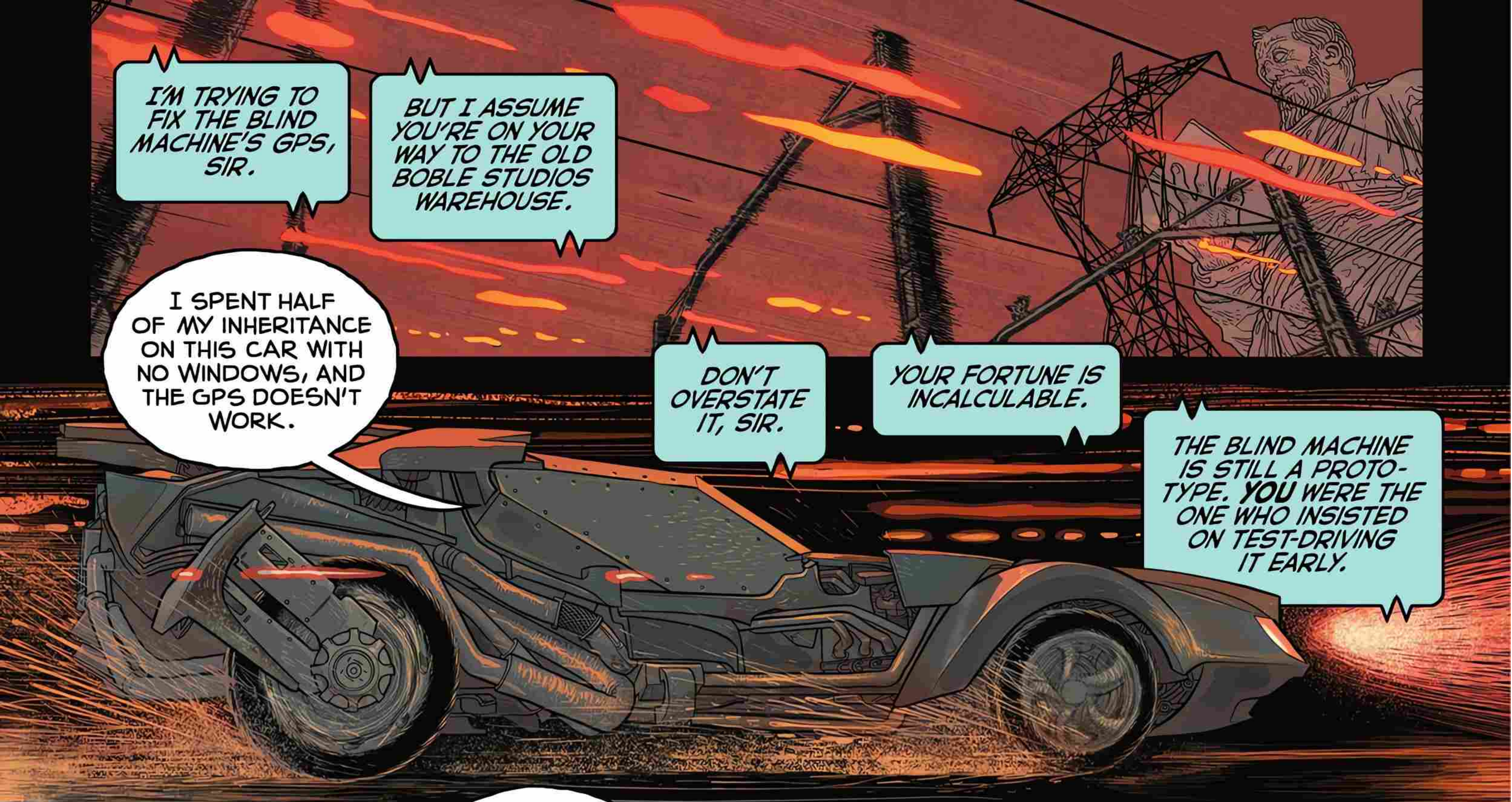
HE SAID THAT HE WROTE IN THE NAME OF A SPIRIT, OF A **GEIST**.

GEIST IS GERMAN FOR **GHOST**, AND HE WAS A DOCTOR, SO...



DID YOU EVER READ WHAT HE WROTE?





I'M TRYING TO
FIX THE BLIND
MACHINE'S GPS,
SIR.

BUT I ASSUME
YOU'RE ON YOUR
WAY TO THE OLD
BOBLE STUDIOS
WAREHOUSE.

I SPENT HALF
OF MY INHERITANCE
ON THIS CAR WITH
NO WINDOWS, AND
THE GPS DOESN'T
WORK.

DON'T
OVERSTATE
IT, SIR.

YOUR FORTUNE IS
INCALCULABLE.

THE BLIND MACHINE
IS STILL A PROTO-
TYPE. YOU WERE THE
ONE WHO INSISTED
ON TEST-DRIVING
IT EARLY.



WERE YOU
ABLE TO FIND ANY
MORE INFORMATION
ABOUT THE TRAGEDY
THAT BOB LEE'S
WIDOW
MENTIONED?

NO, SIR.
LOOKS
LIKE THE
LAWYERS
DID A GOOD
JOB.

BUT I
BELIEVE YOU
WILL FIND
CLUES IN THE
BOBLE STUDIOS
ARCHIVE.

OKAY.
DON'T FORGET
TO FIX THE
DAMN GPS.
PLEASE.



YES, SIR.
AND DON'T
FORGET
TO EAT.

THE
CAKE IS
DELICIOUS,
MASTER
BRUCE.

WHAT
CA--

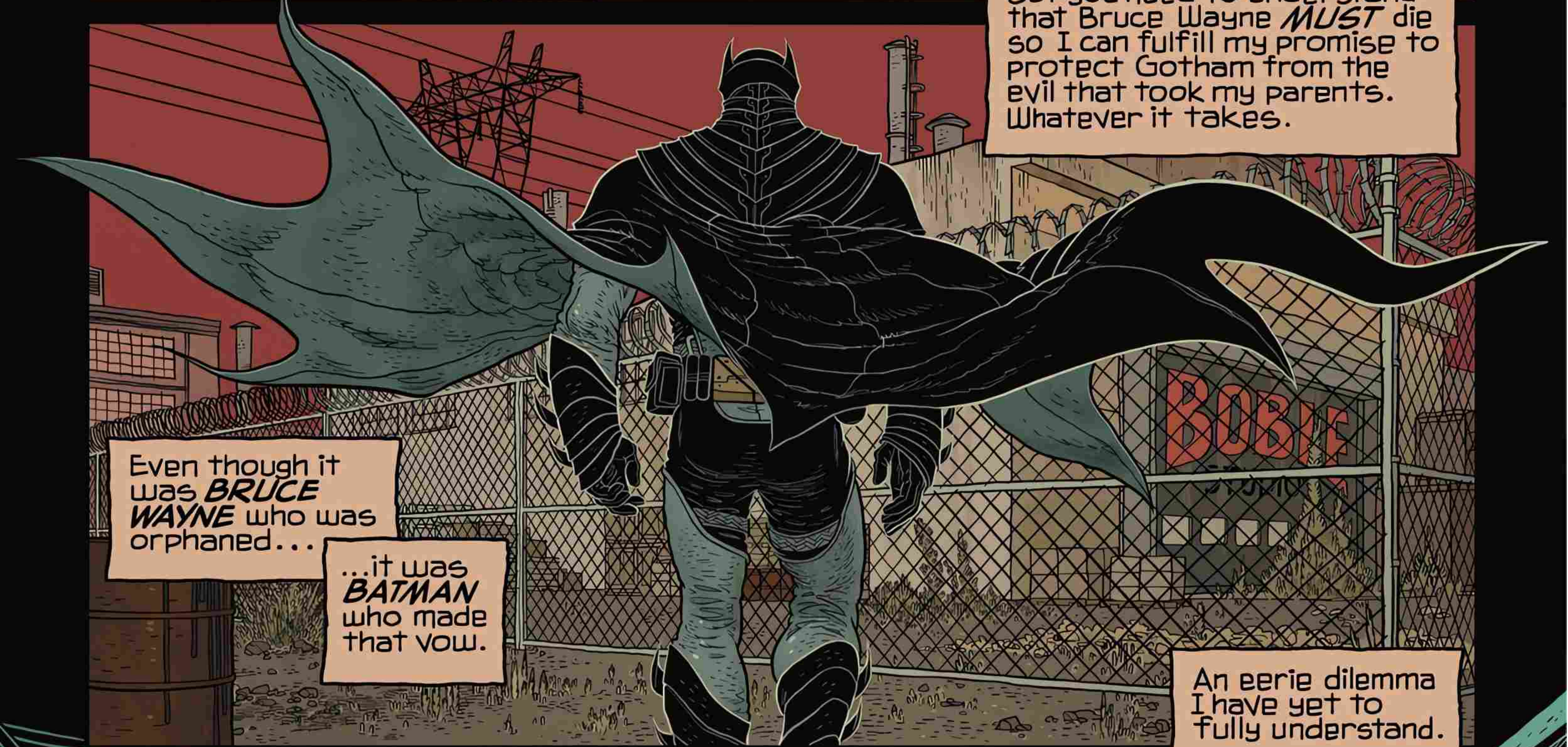


A comic book panel showing Batman standing next to the Batmobile in a junkyard. The Batmobile is a sleek, black car with red accents. Batman is wearing his iconic black suit and cape. The background is a red-tinted junkyard with various mechanical parts and structures.

Good joke,
Alfred.

I know you're
not taking me
seriously.

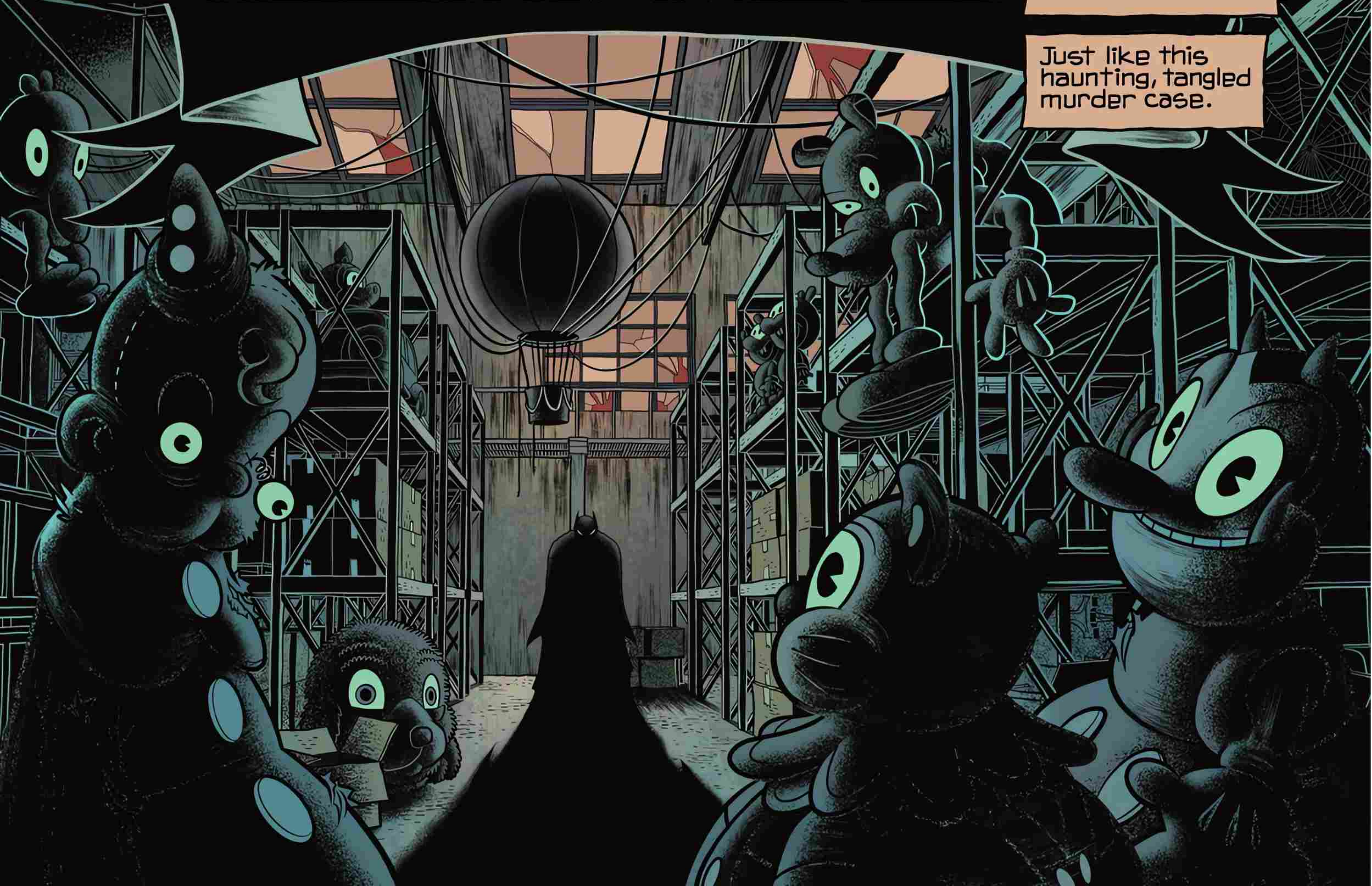
But you need to understand
that Bruce Wayne ***MUST*** die
so I can fulfill my promise to
protect Gotham from the
evil that took my parents.
Whatever it takes.

A comic book panel showing Batman walking away from the Batmobile. He is wearing his iconic black suit and cape. The background is a red-tinted junkyard with various mechanical parts and structures.

Even though it
was ***BRUCE
WAYNE*** who was
orphaned...

...it was
BATMAN
who made
that vow.

An eerie dilemma
I have yet to
fully understand.

A comic book panel showing Batman in a room filled with teddy bears. The room is filled with various sizes and styles of teddy bears, some of which are looking at Batman. The room has a wooden floor and walls, and a large window in the background.

Just like this
haunting, tangled
murder case.



INFRARED
VISION: ON

A puzzle
of cursed
clues.



A labyrinth
of bad omens.



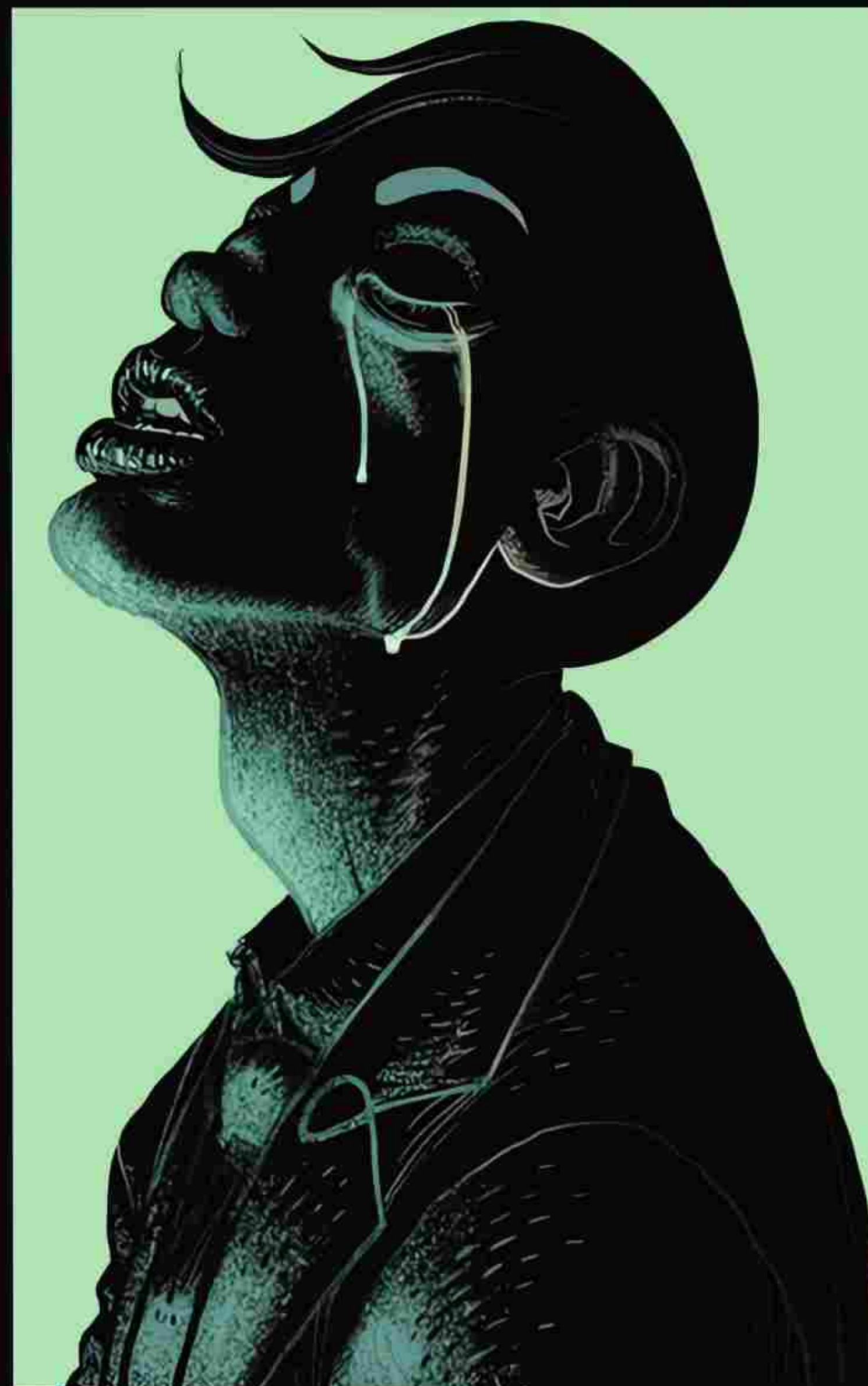
The right place
for everything
to go wrong.



INCREASE
HEARING:
50%

WHAT...?





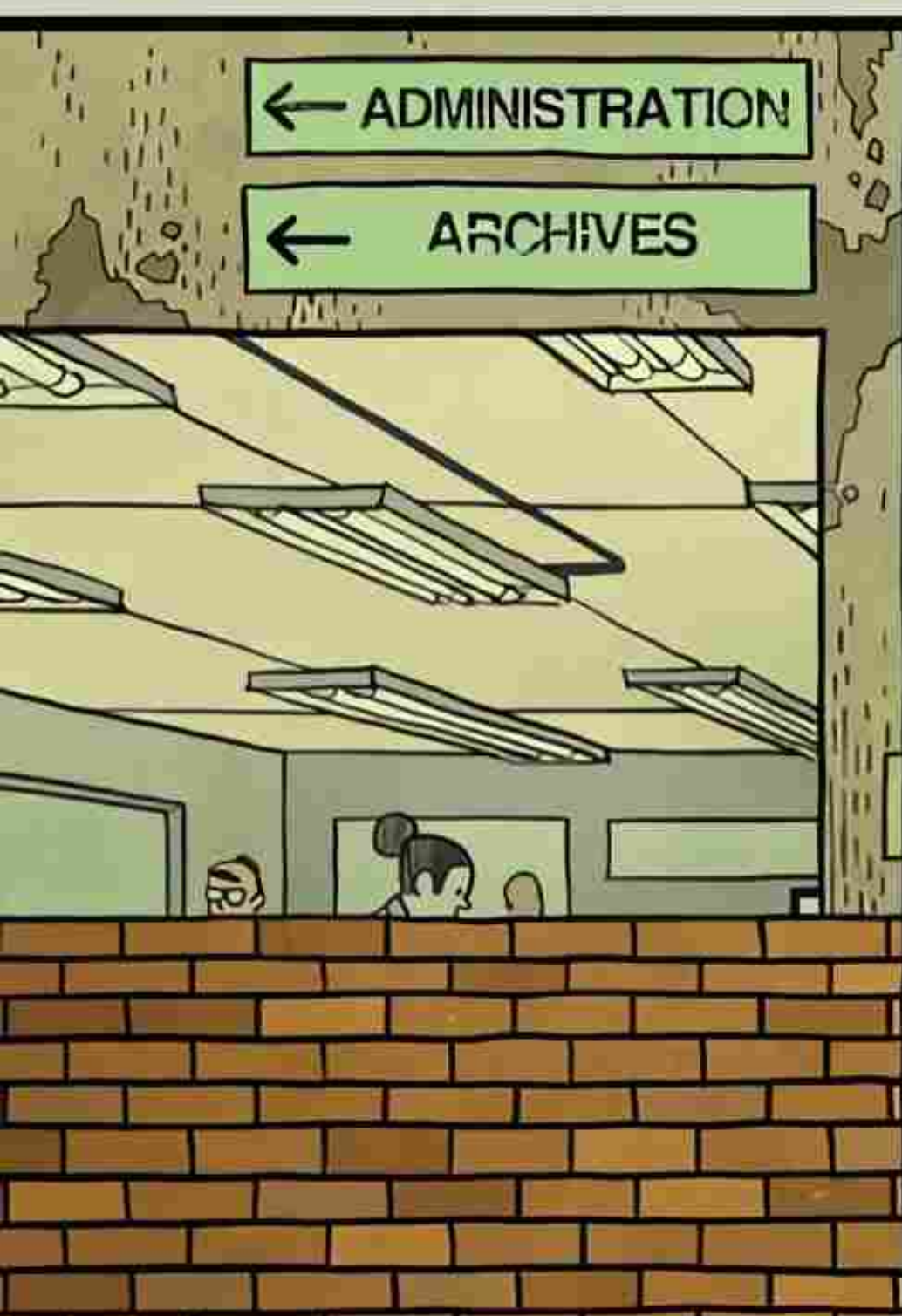
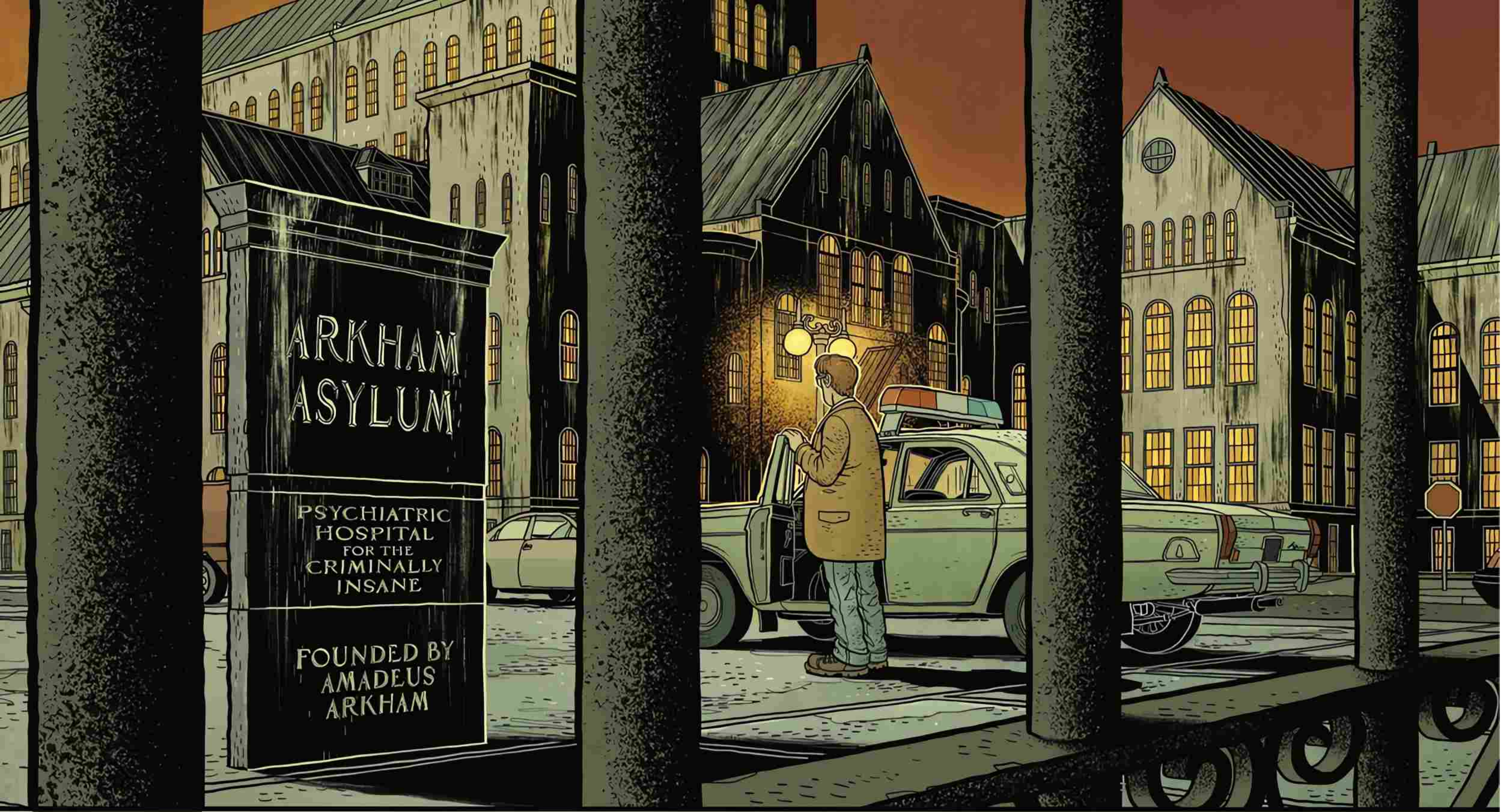
YOU THERE!
YOU'RE NOT
AUTHORIZED
TO BE HERE!

STOP
OR I'LL
SHOOT!



NO.
BACK!
GET BACK!
I WILL
SHOOT!

STOP!





TIME
FOR A
SPEED
RACE.

STEP
ON IT!



NOW!



ROO



We don't
have time.

But we have a
suit that I
control with my
thoughts...



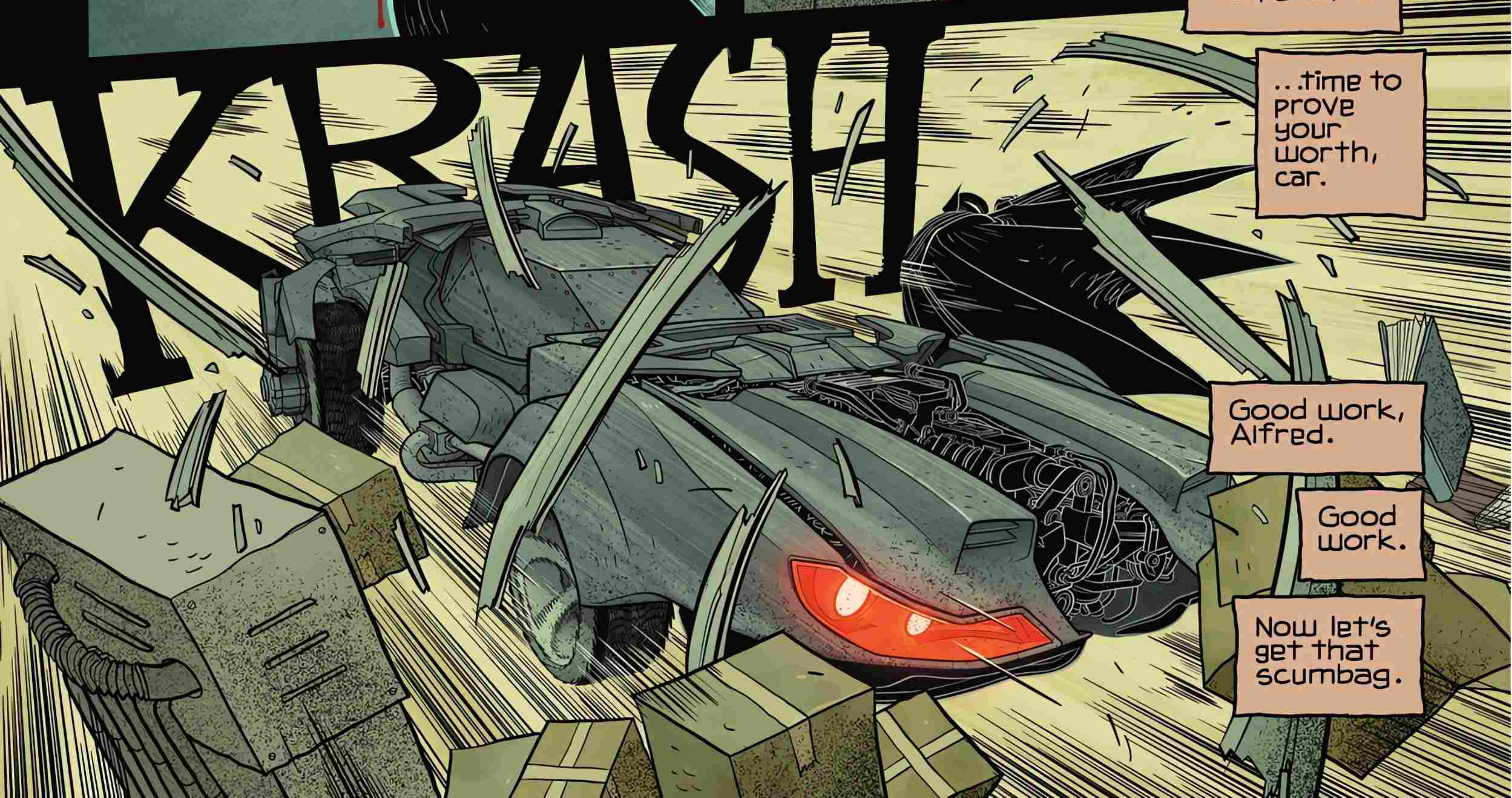
...and everything
else that is
connected to it.



BLIND
MACHINE--

Come to
Daddy...

Come on...

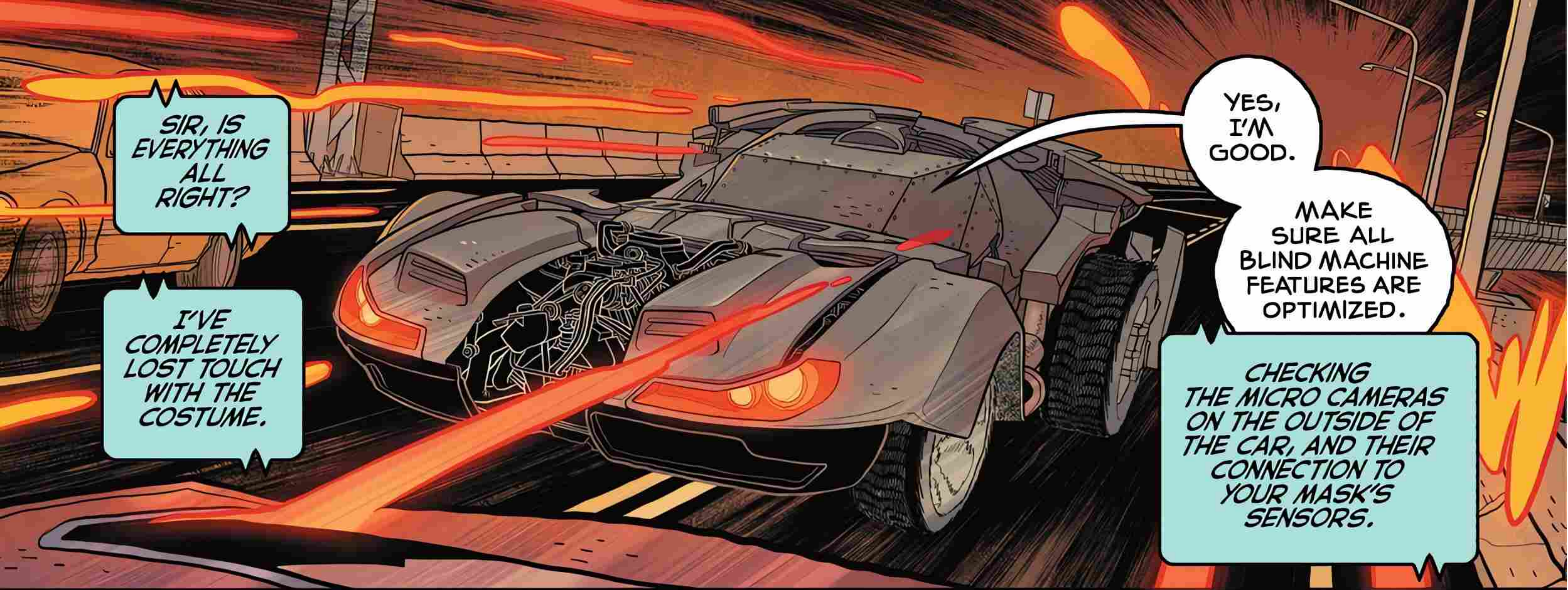


...time to
prove
your
worth,
car.

Good work,
Alfred.

Good
work.

Now let's
get that
scumbag.



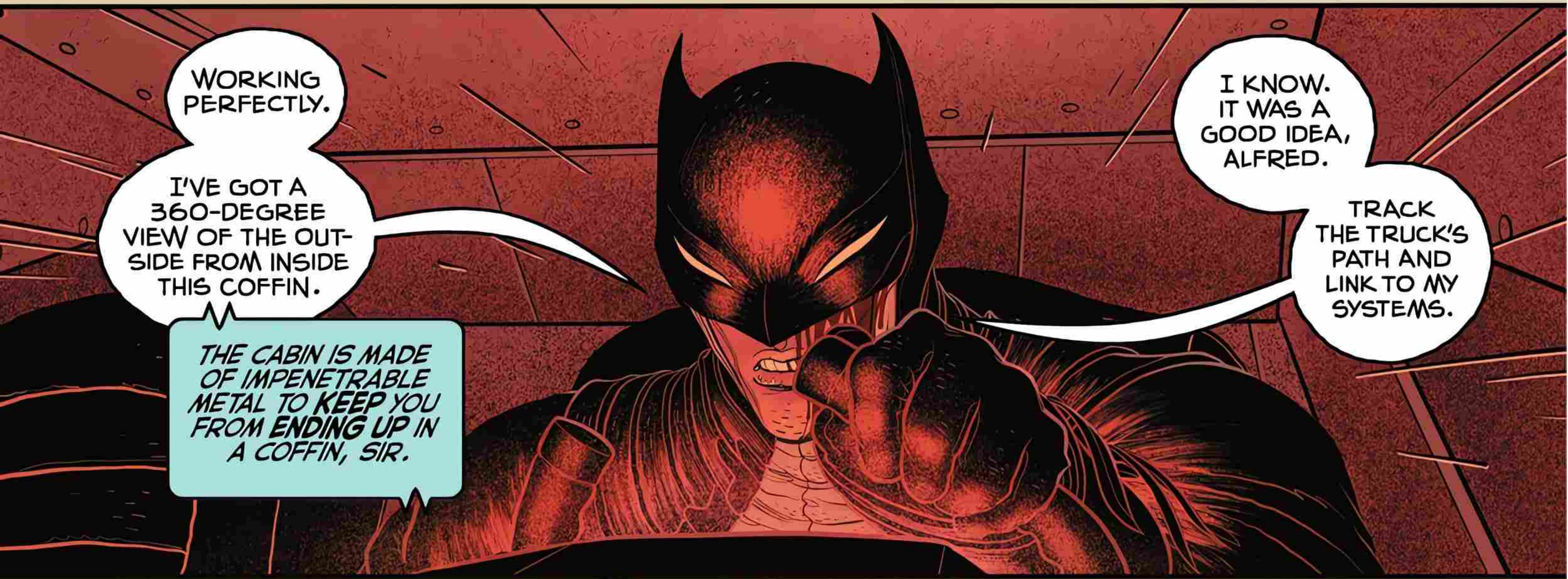
SIR, IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

I'VE COMPLETELY LOST TOUCH WITH THE COSTUME.

YES, I'M GOOD.

MAKE SURE ALL BLIND MACHINE FEATURES ARE OPTIMIZED.

CHECKING THE MICRO CAMERAS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE CAR, AND THEIR CONNECTION TO YOUR MASK'S SENSORS.



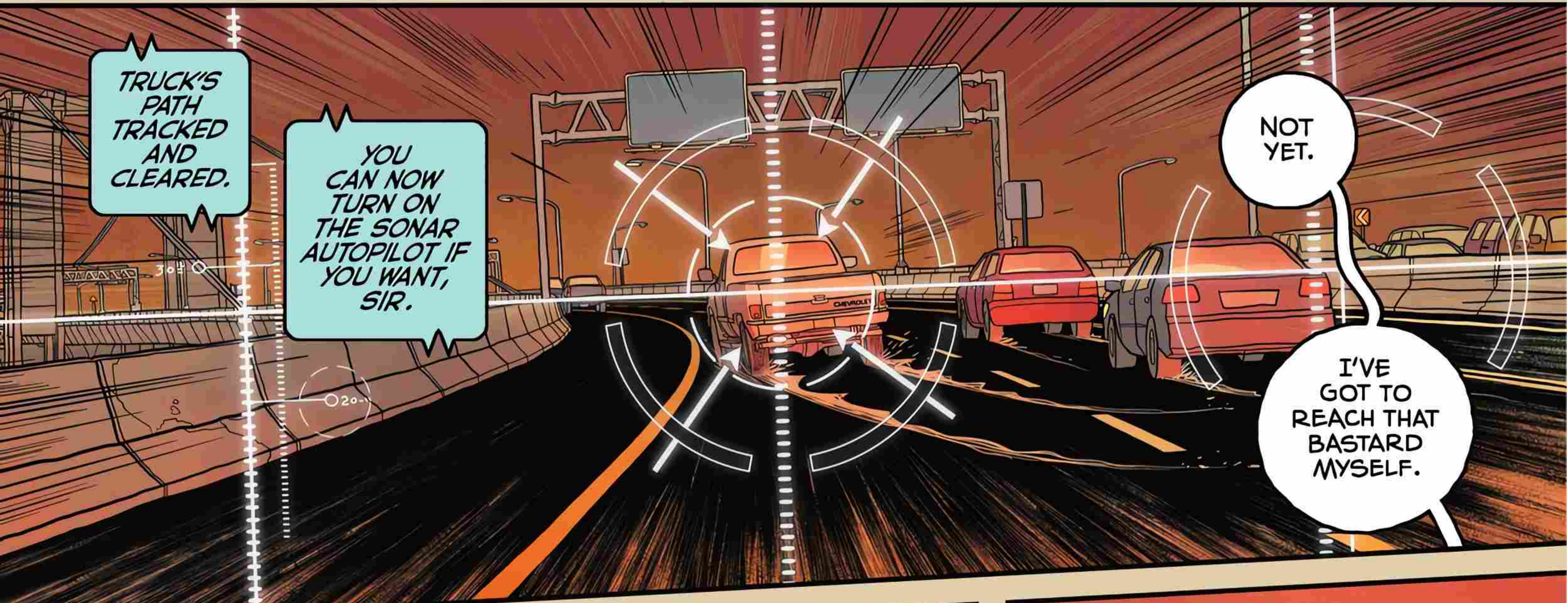
WORKING PERFECTLY.

I'VE GOT A 360-DEGREE VIEW OF THE OUTSIDE FROM INSIDE THIS COFFIN.

THE CABIN IS MADE OF IMPENETRABLE METAL TO KEEP YOU FROM ENDING UP IN A COFFIN, SIR.

I KNOW. IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, ALFRED.

TRACK THE TRUCK'S PATH AND LINK TO MY SYSTEMS.



TRUCK'S PATH TRACKED AND CLEARED.

YOU CAN NOW TURN ON THE SONAR AUTOPILOT IF YOU WANT, SIR.

NOT YET.

I'VE GOT TO REACH THAT BASTARD MYSELF.



I WANT TO SEE YOU JUMP.

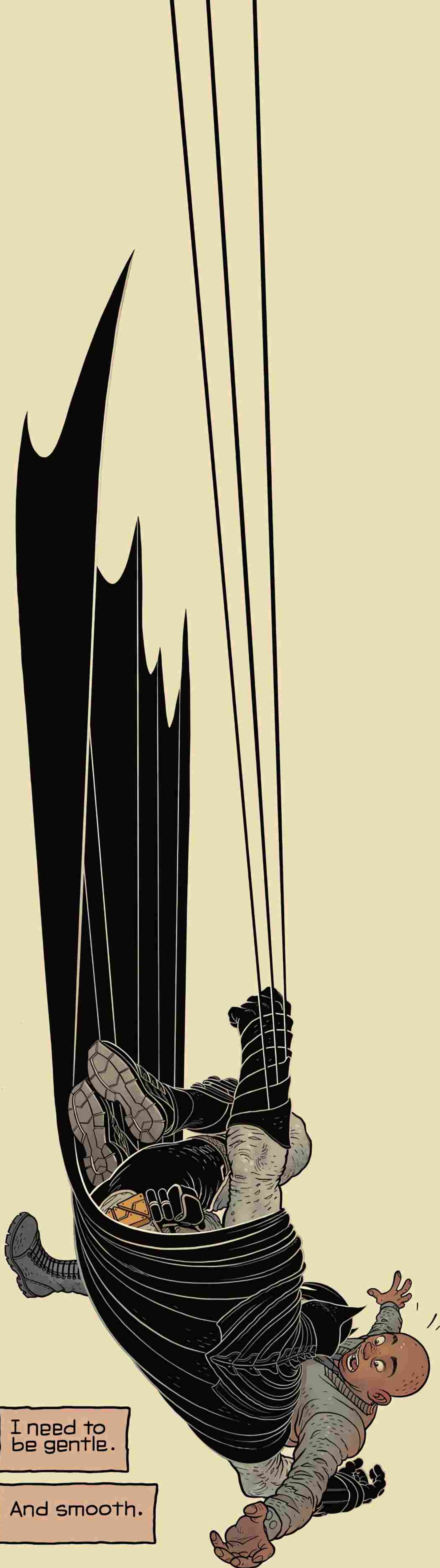
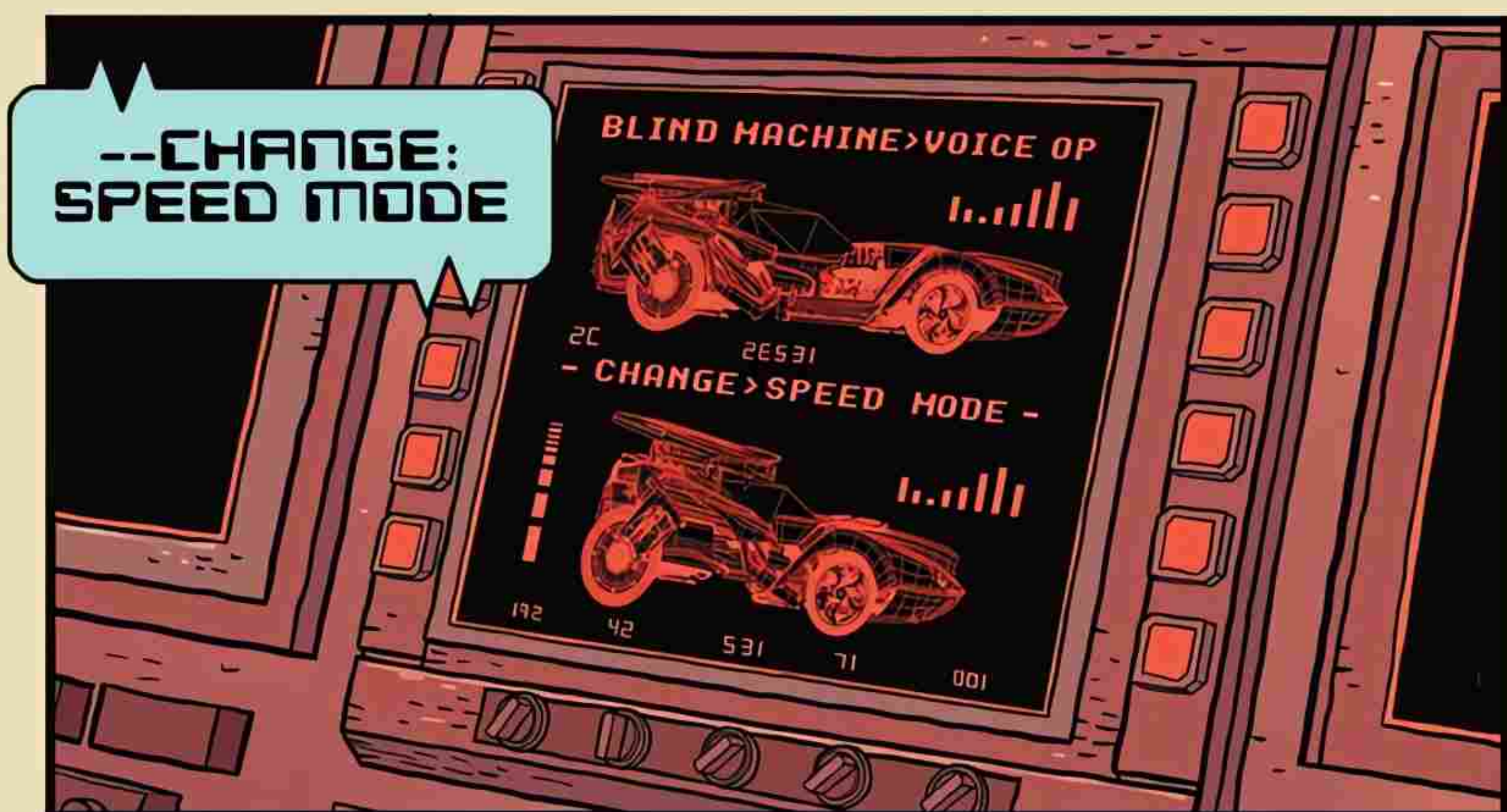
WHAT...? NO, I CAN'T...!

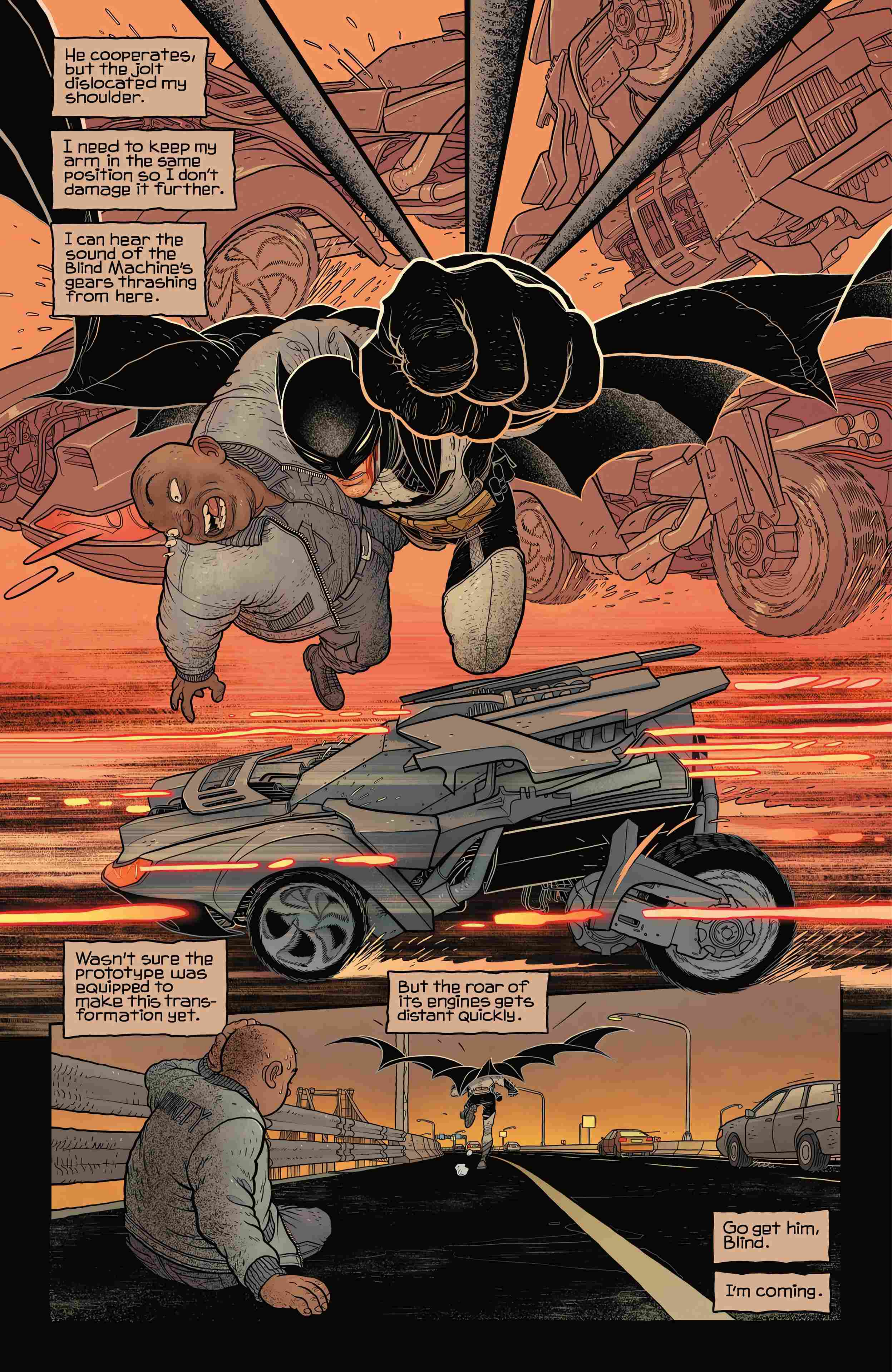


CLICK!

JUMP AND MAYBE SURVIVE.







He cooperates,
but the jolt
dislocated my
shoulder.

I need to keep my
arm in the same
position so I don't
damage it further.

I can hear the
sound of the
Blind Machine's
gears thrashing
from here.

Wasn't sure the
prototype was
equipped to
make this trans-
formation yet.

But the roar of
its engines gets
distant quickly.

Go get him,
Blind.

I'm coming.



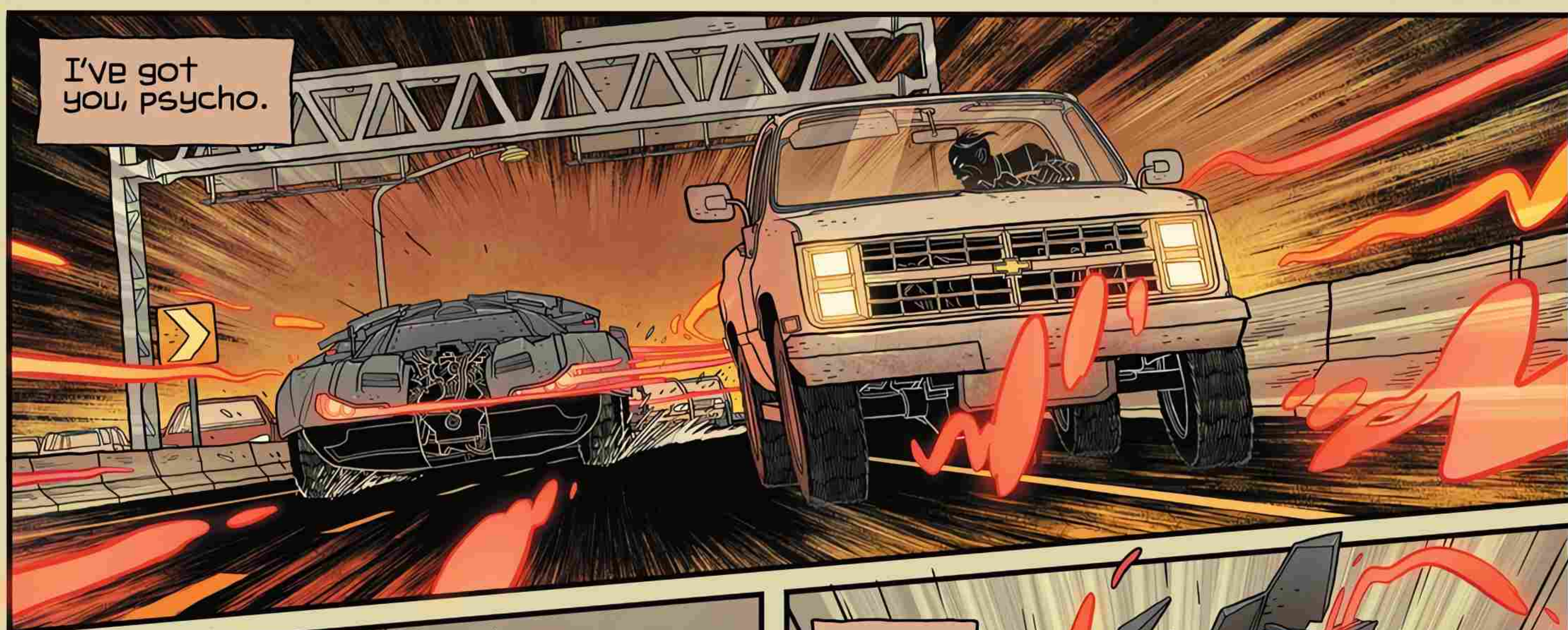
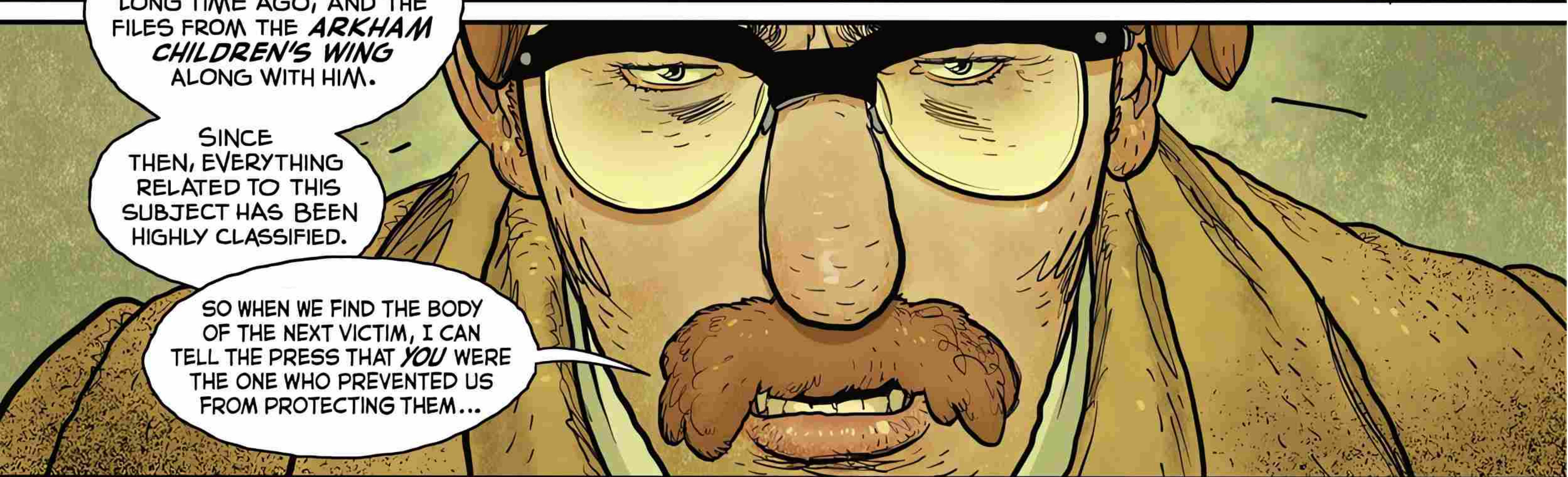
DETECTIVE,
THIS MANDATE
MEANS NOTHING
TO ME.

I CAN'T
LET YOU
SNOOP AROUND
IN THE ASYLUM'S
CONFIDENTIAL
FILES.

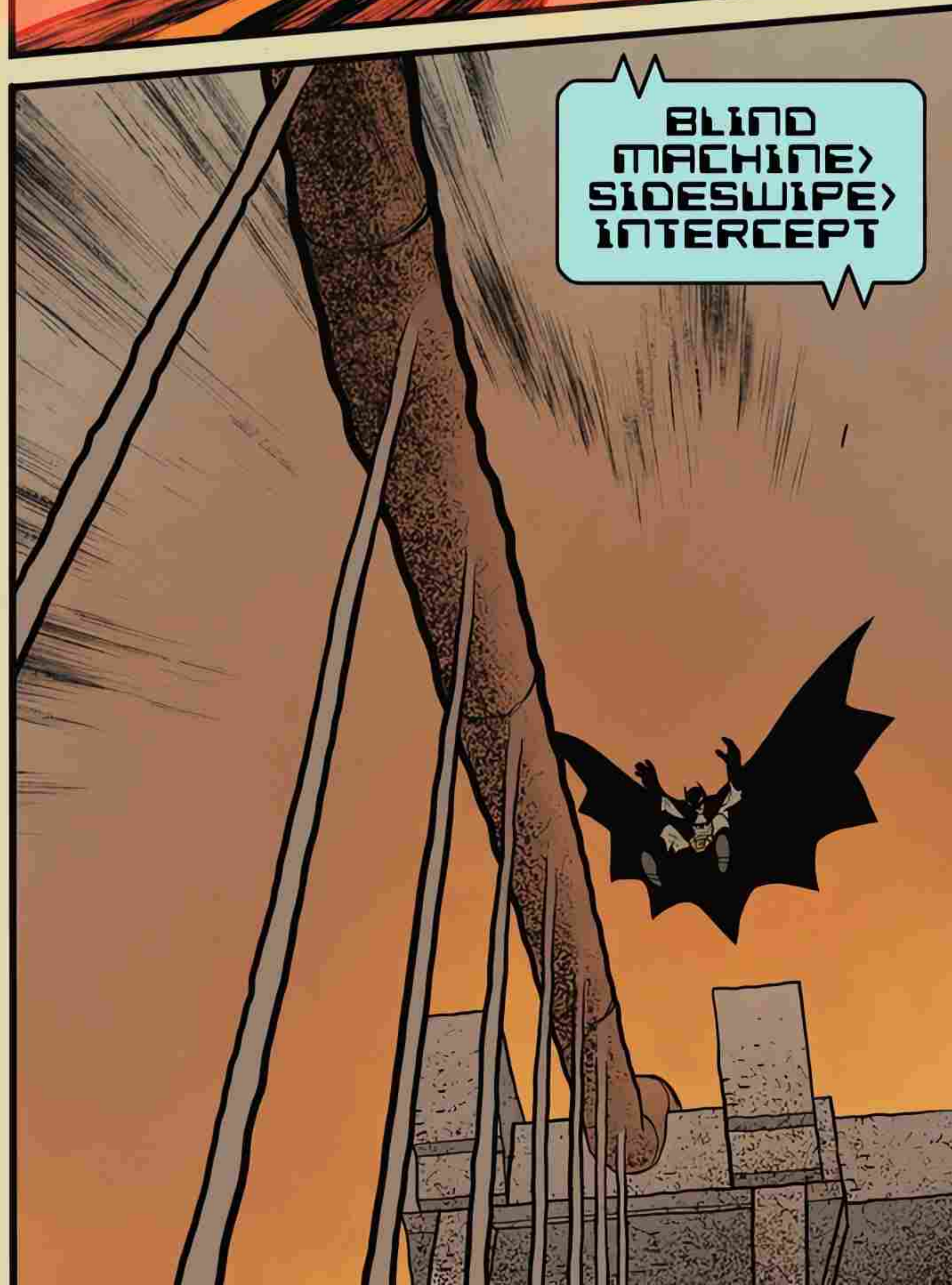
AND EVEN IF I
COULD, **DR. CHARLES
QUINTON** DISAPPEARED A
LONG TIME AGO, AND THE
FILES FROM THE **ARKHAM
CHILDREN'S WING**
ALONG WITH HIM.

SINCE
THEN, EVERYTHING
RELATED TO THIS
SUBJECT HAS BEEN
HIGHLY CLASSIFIED.

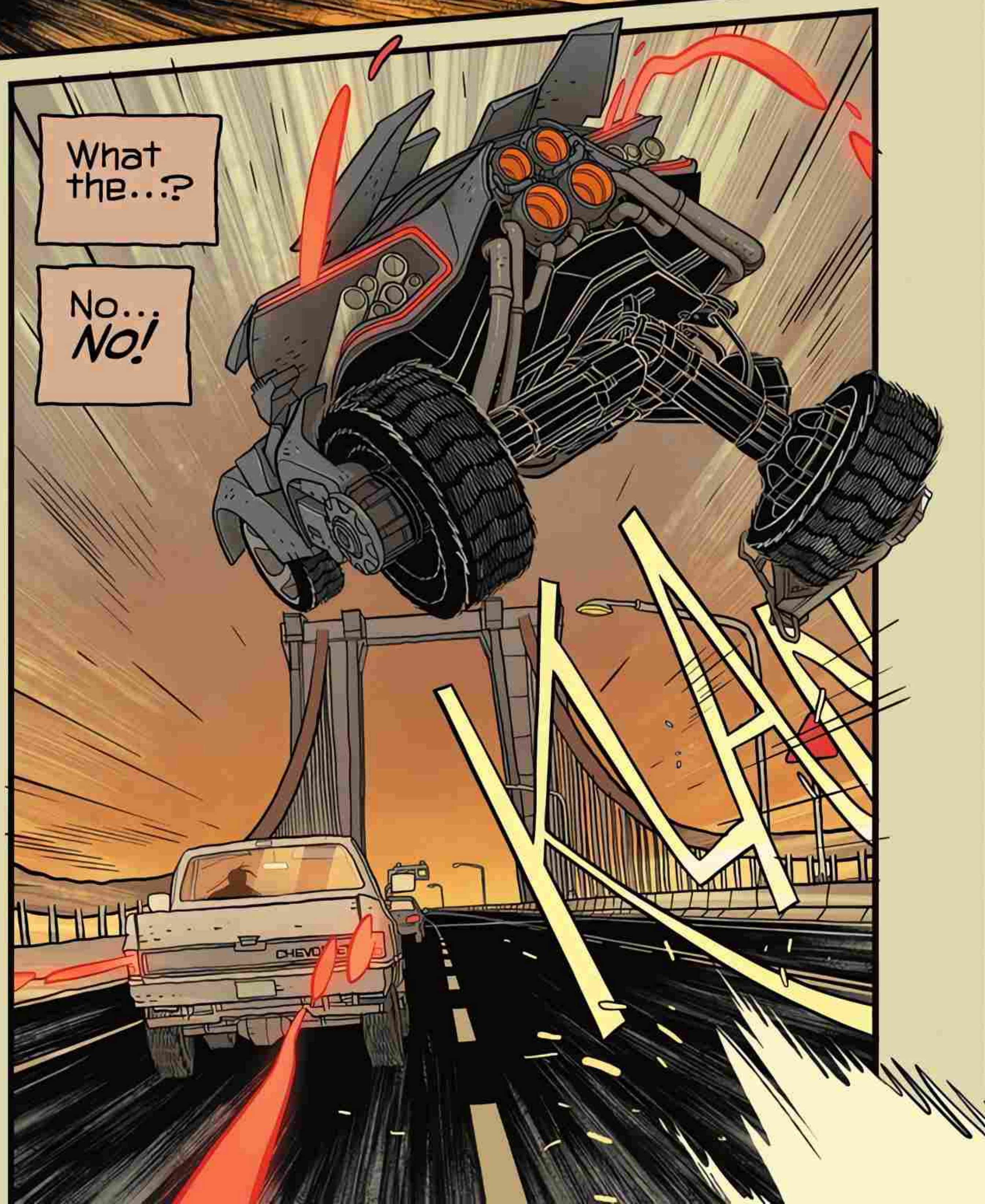
SO WHEN WE FIND THE BODY
OF THE NEXT VICTIM, I CAN
TELL THE PRESS THAT **YOU** WERE
THE ONE WHO PREVENTED US
FROM PROTECTING THEM...



I've got
you, psycho.

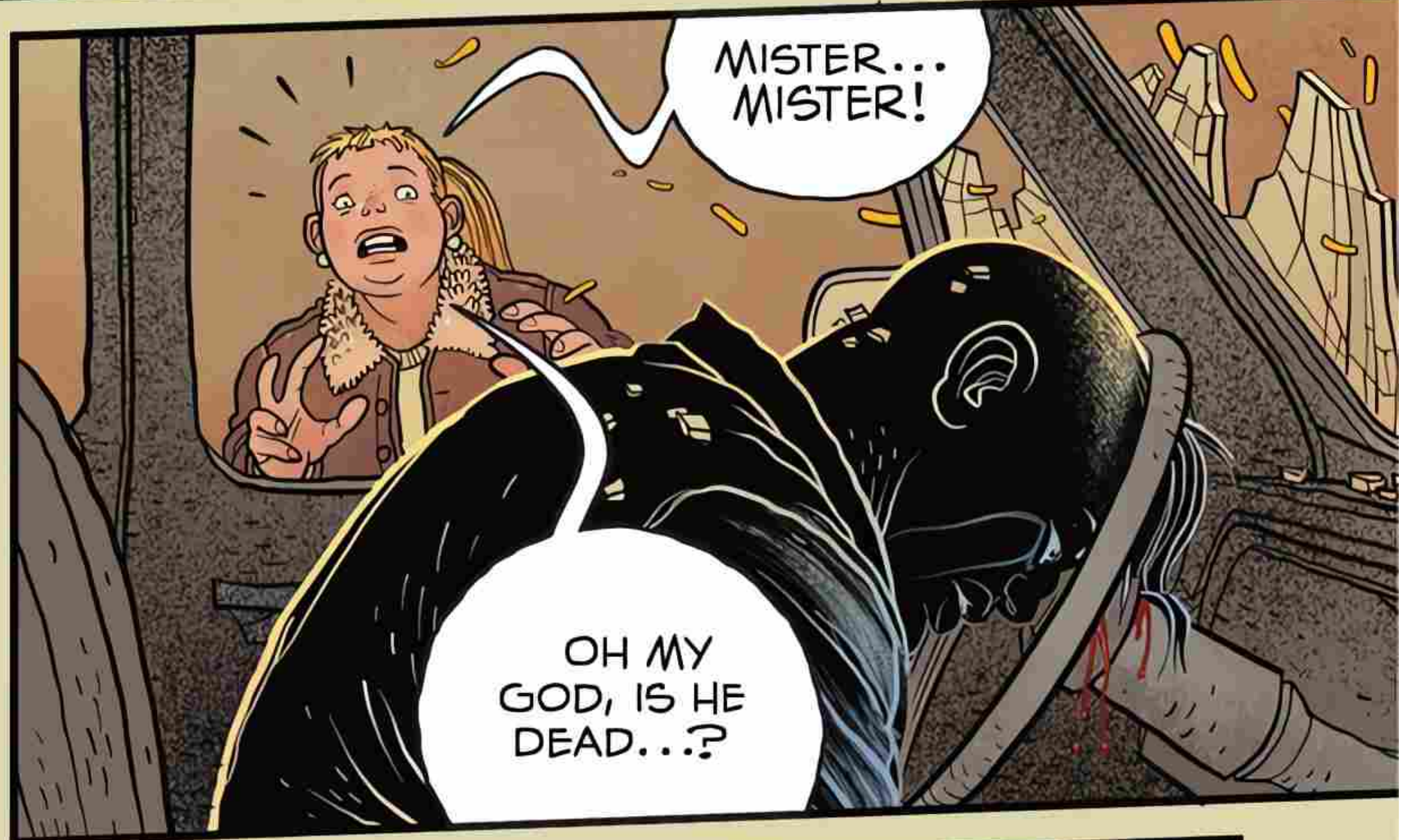
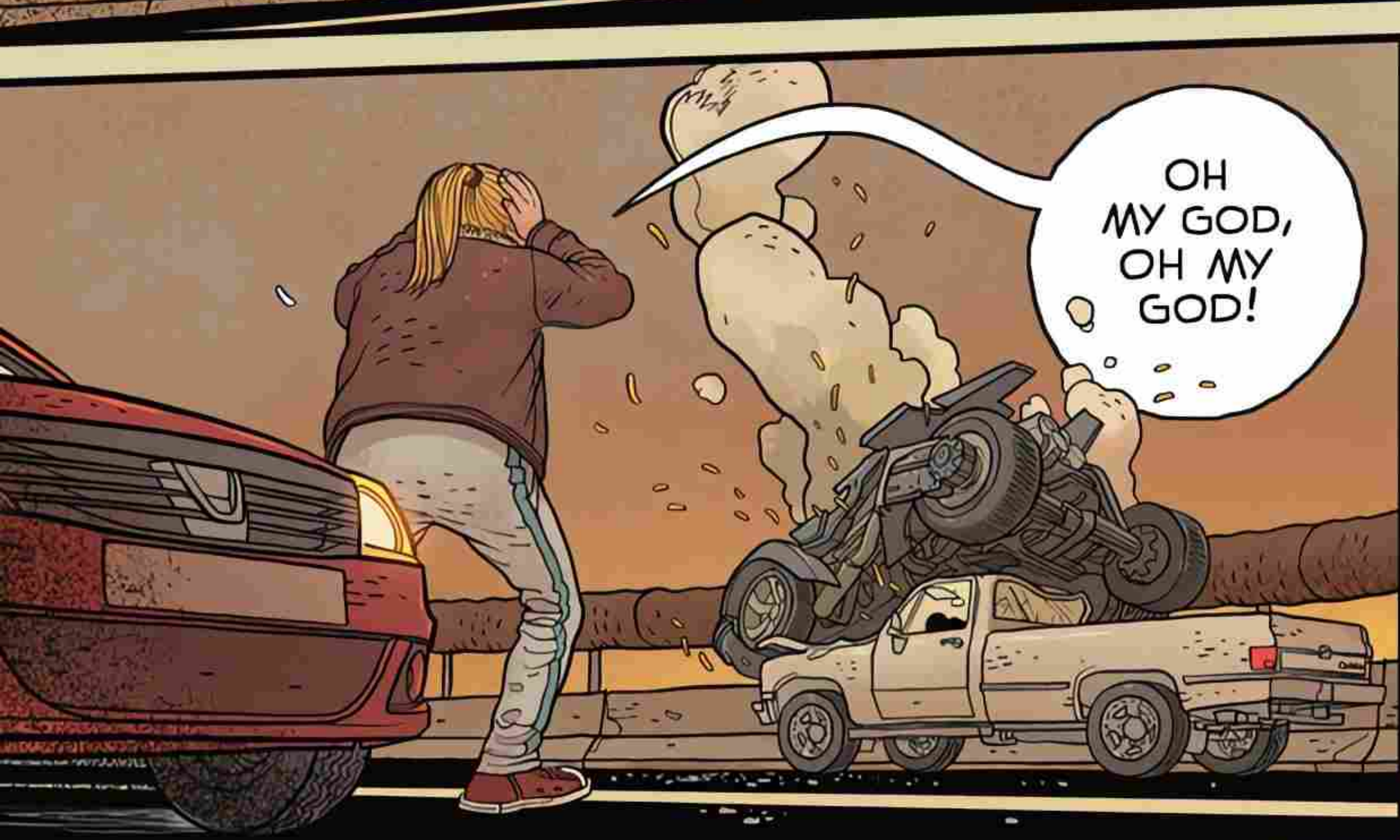
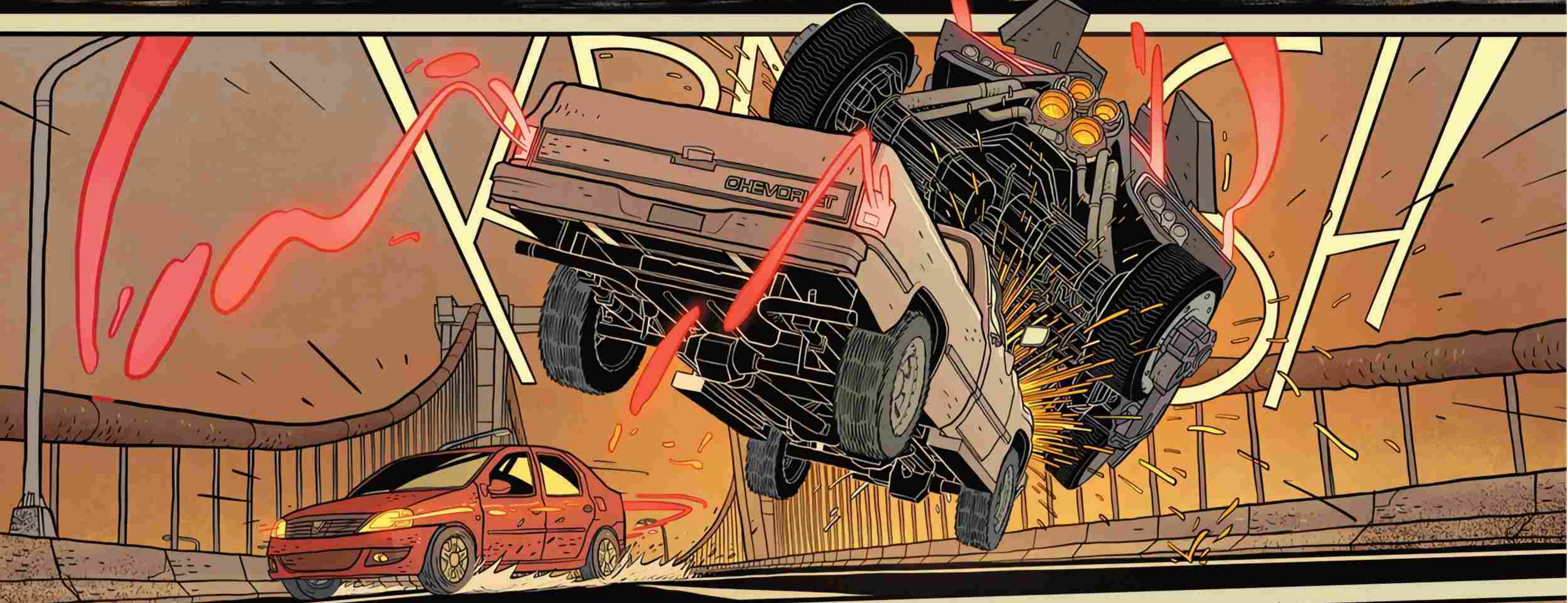
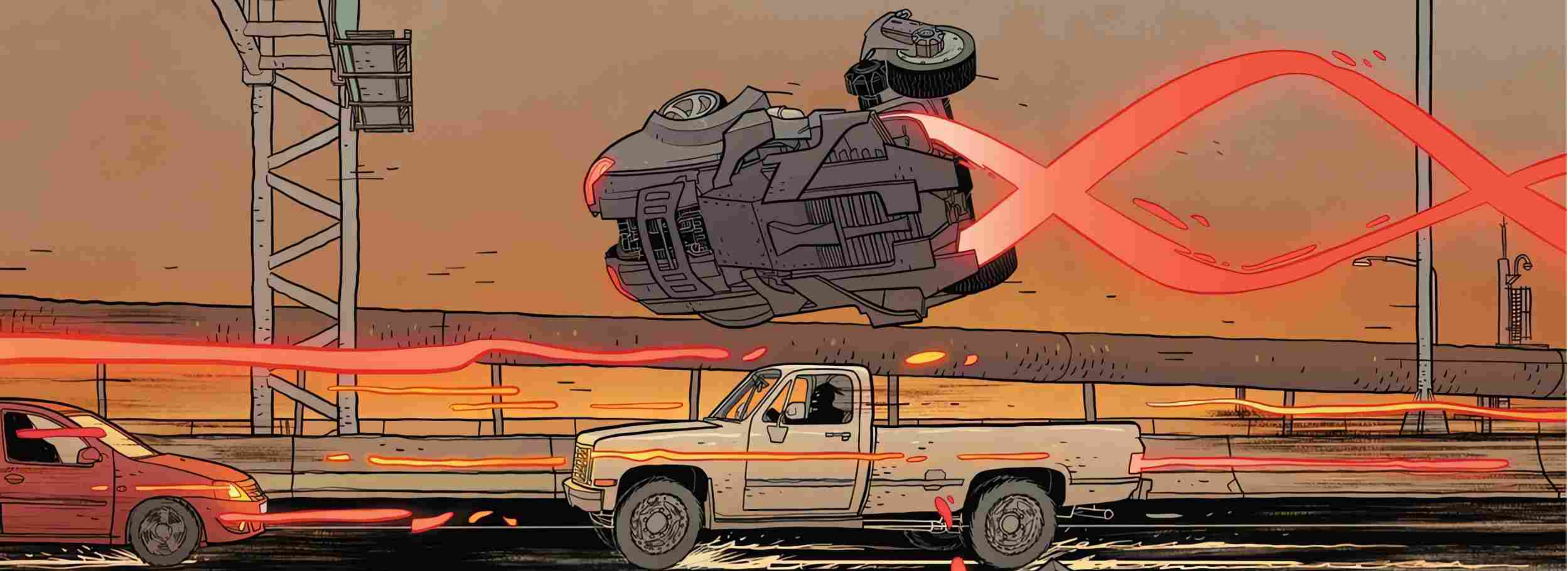


**BLIND
MACHINE>
SIDESWIPE>
INTERCEPT**



What
the...?!

No...
No!





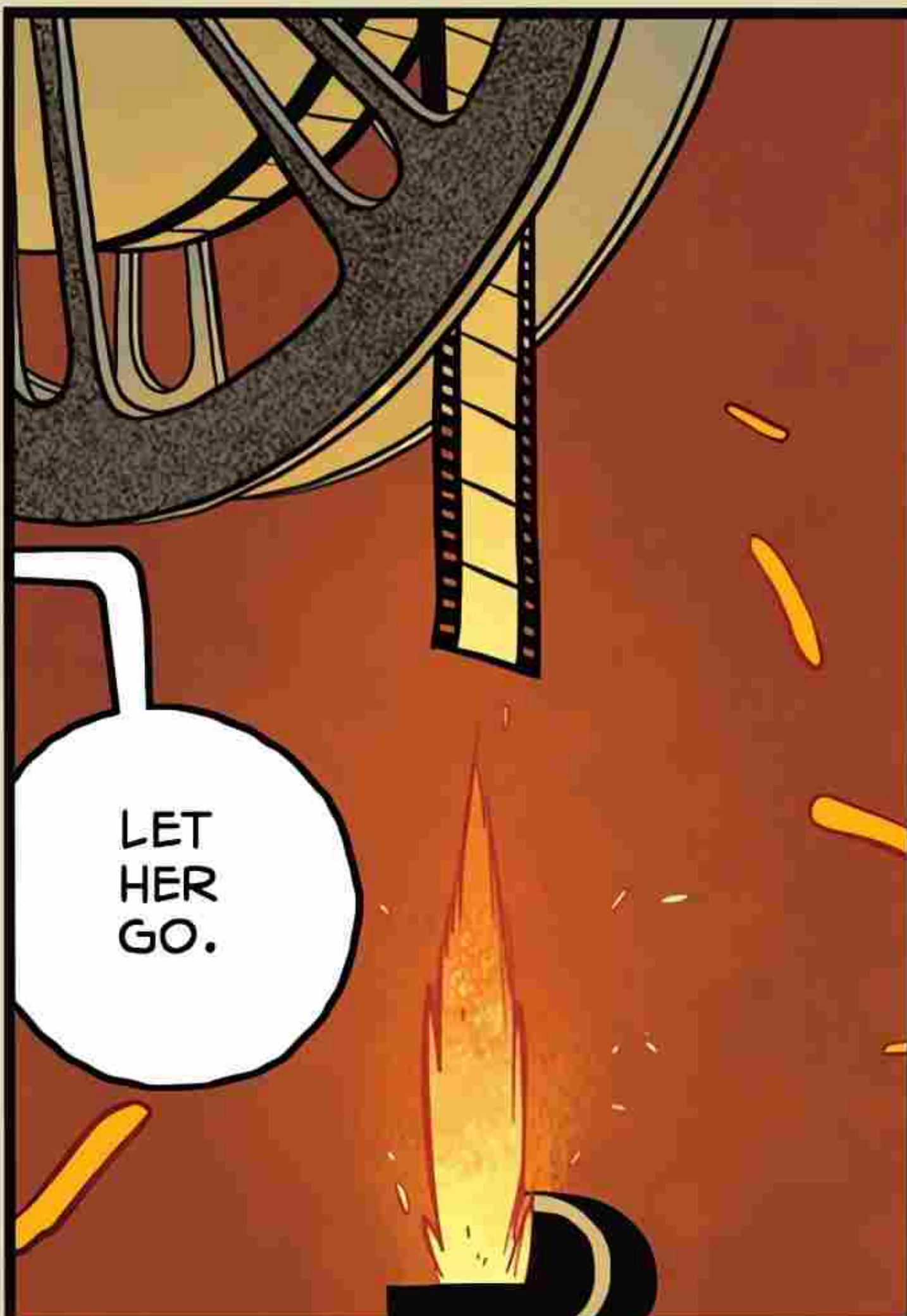
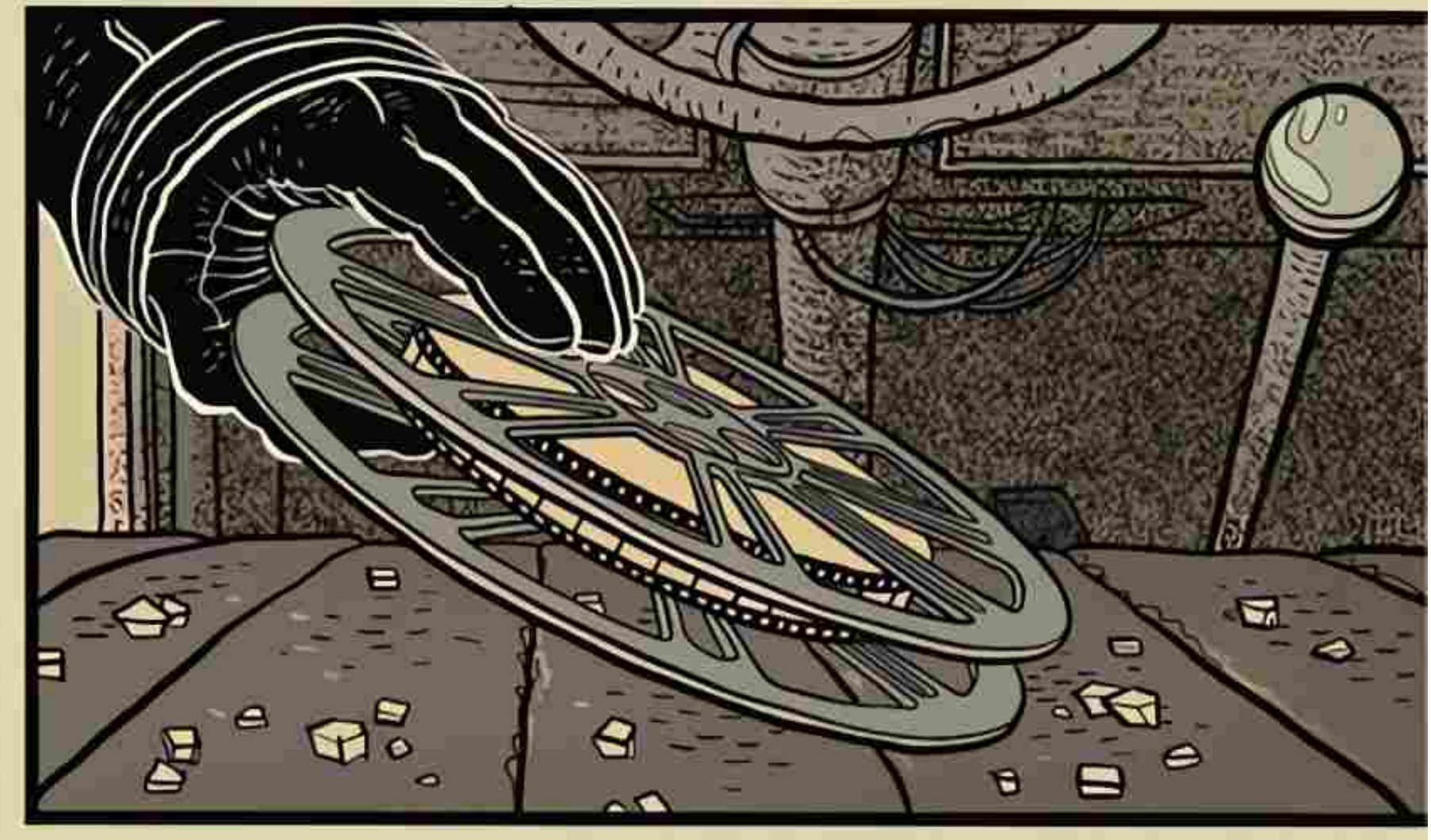
I almost killed him.

And because I didn't, I ended up putting the life of another innocent in danger.

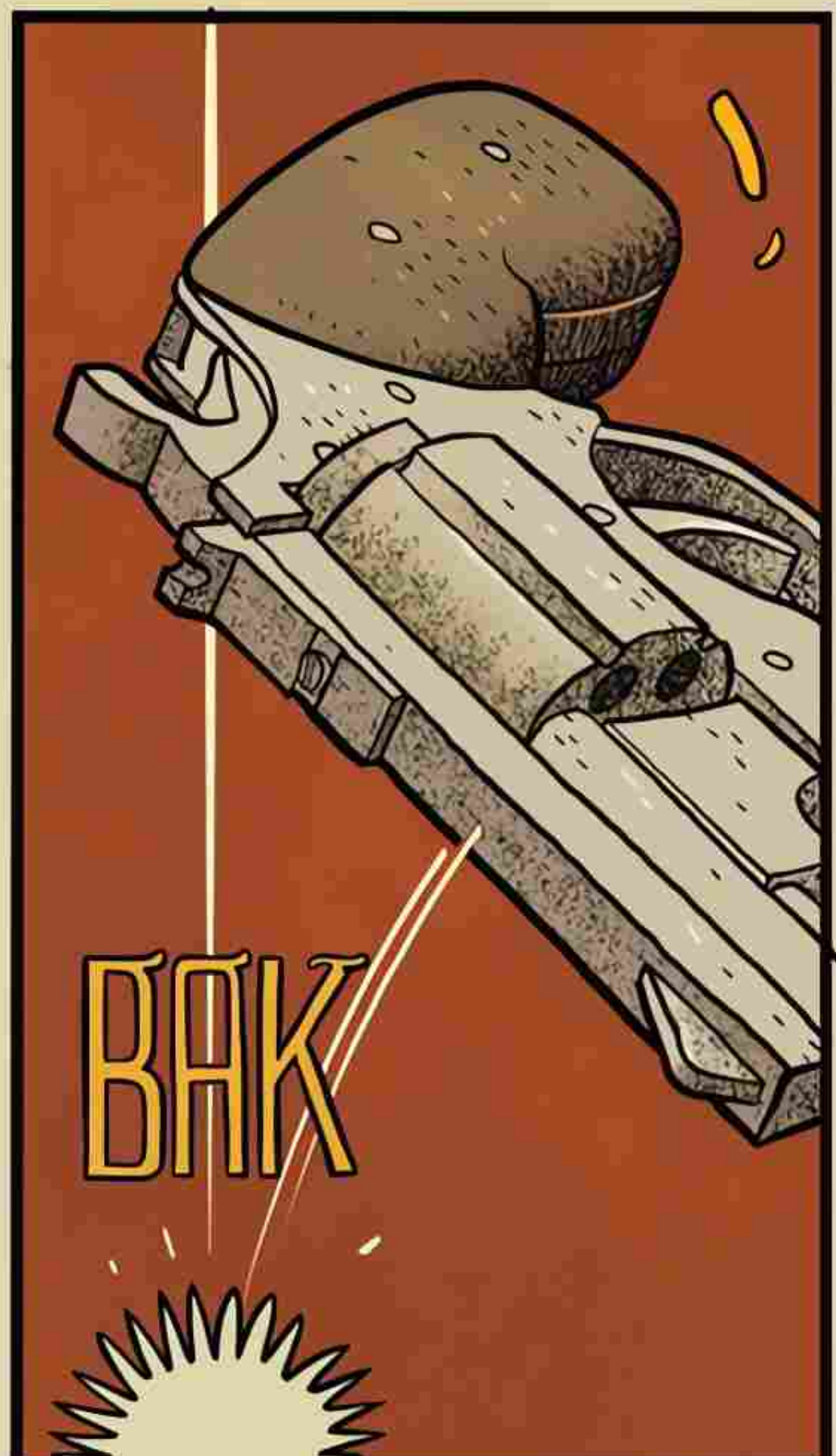
I can't let this happen again.

GO AWAY!
NOW!

OR I'LL
MAKE YOU
SEE HER
BRAINS!



LET
HER
GO.



BAK



YOU
WIN.

SHOOTING
HER IN THE
HEAD WASN'T VERY
CREATIVE
ANYWAY.



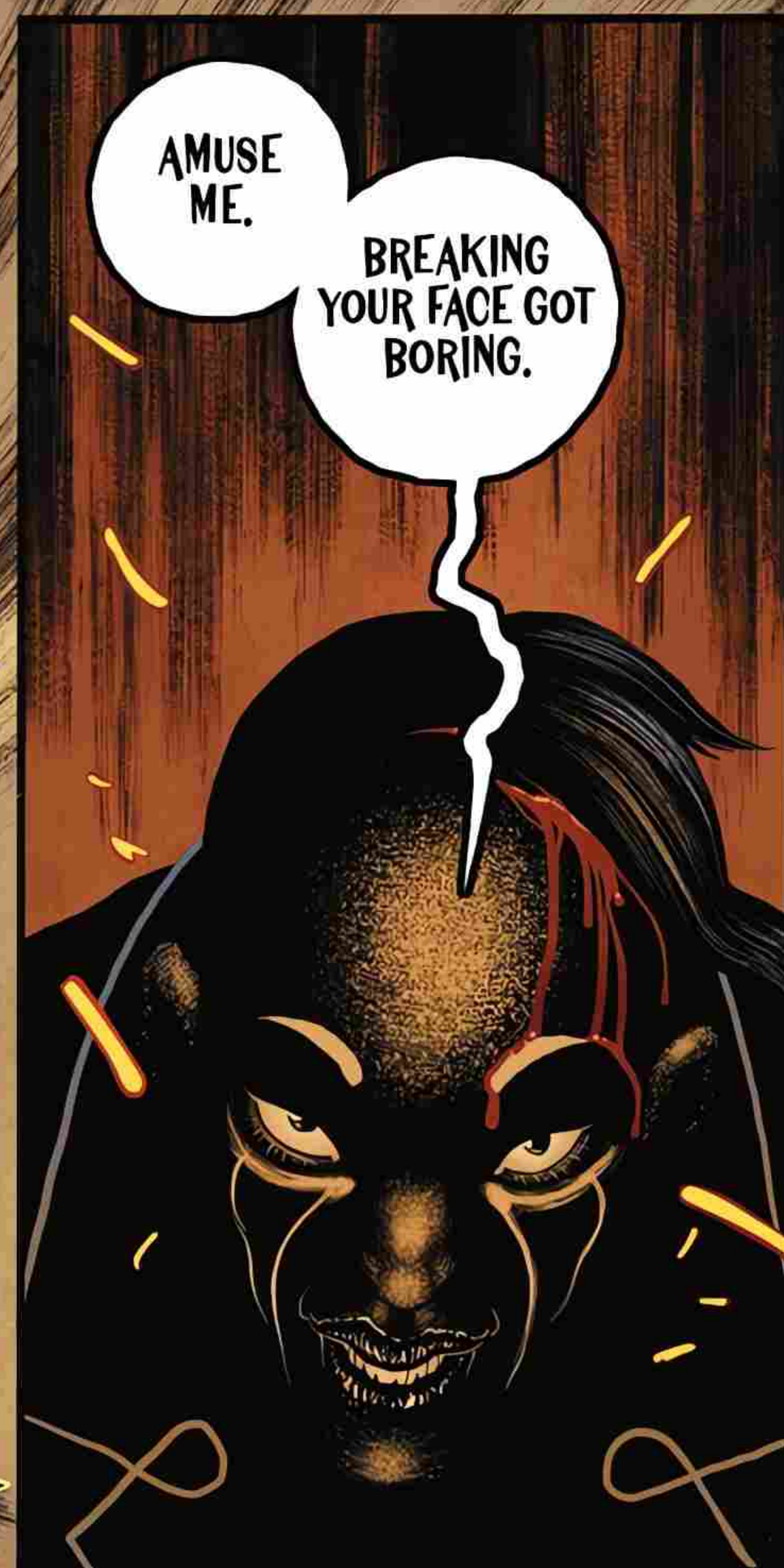
TELL ME
WHERE THE
EXPLOSIVES ARE,
OR I'LL GIVE YOU
EVERY REASON
TO CRY!

NOW!

I SEE.

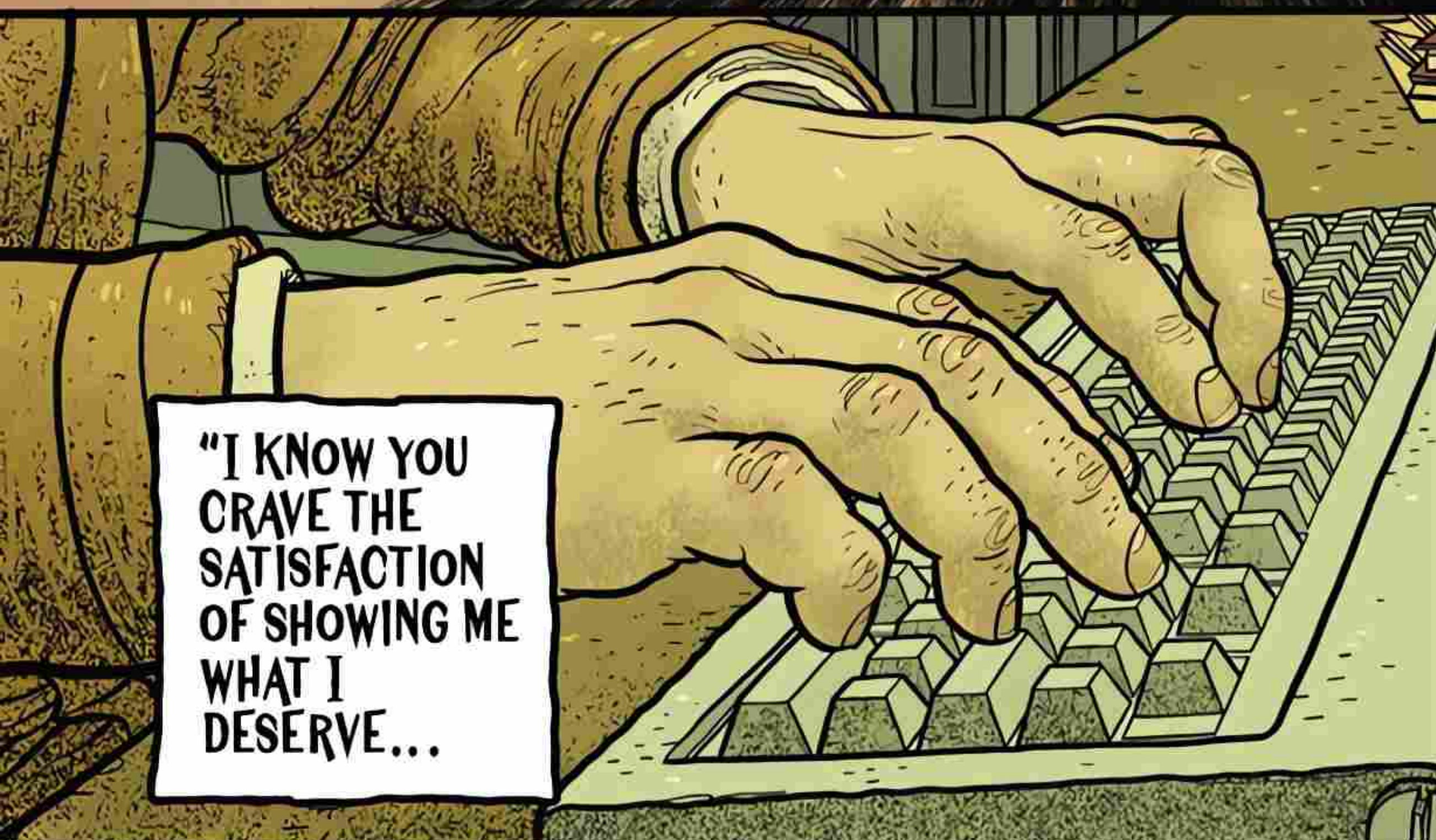
ALL
GOOD MEN
HAVE THE SAME
TALENT FOR FINDING
ANSWERS.

GO
AHEAD.

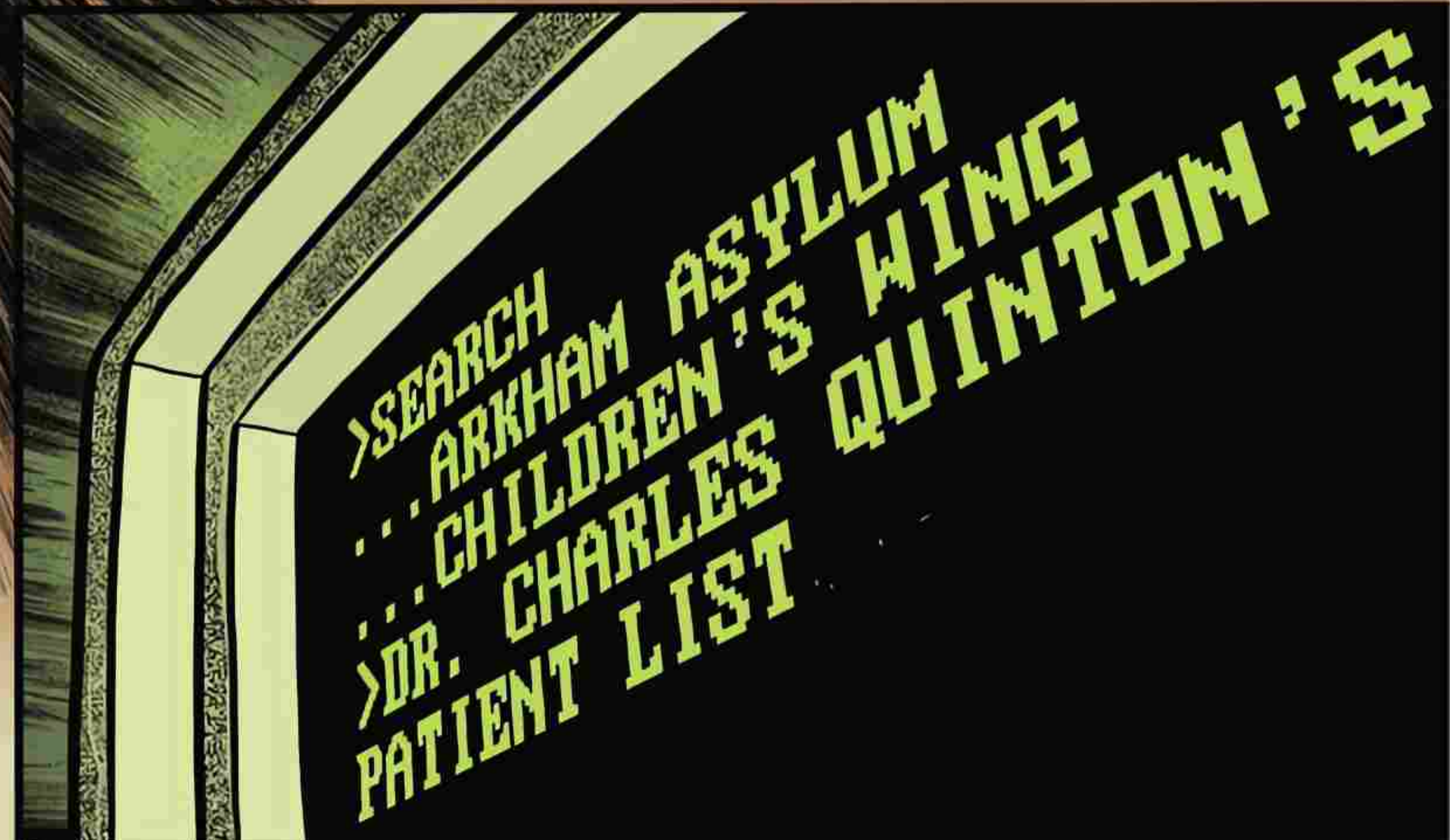


AMUSE
ME.

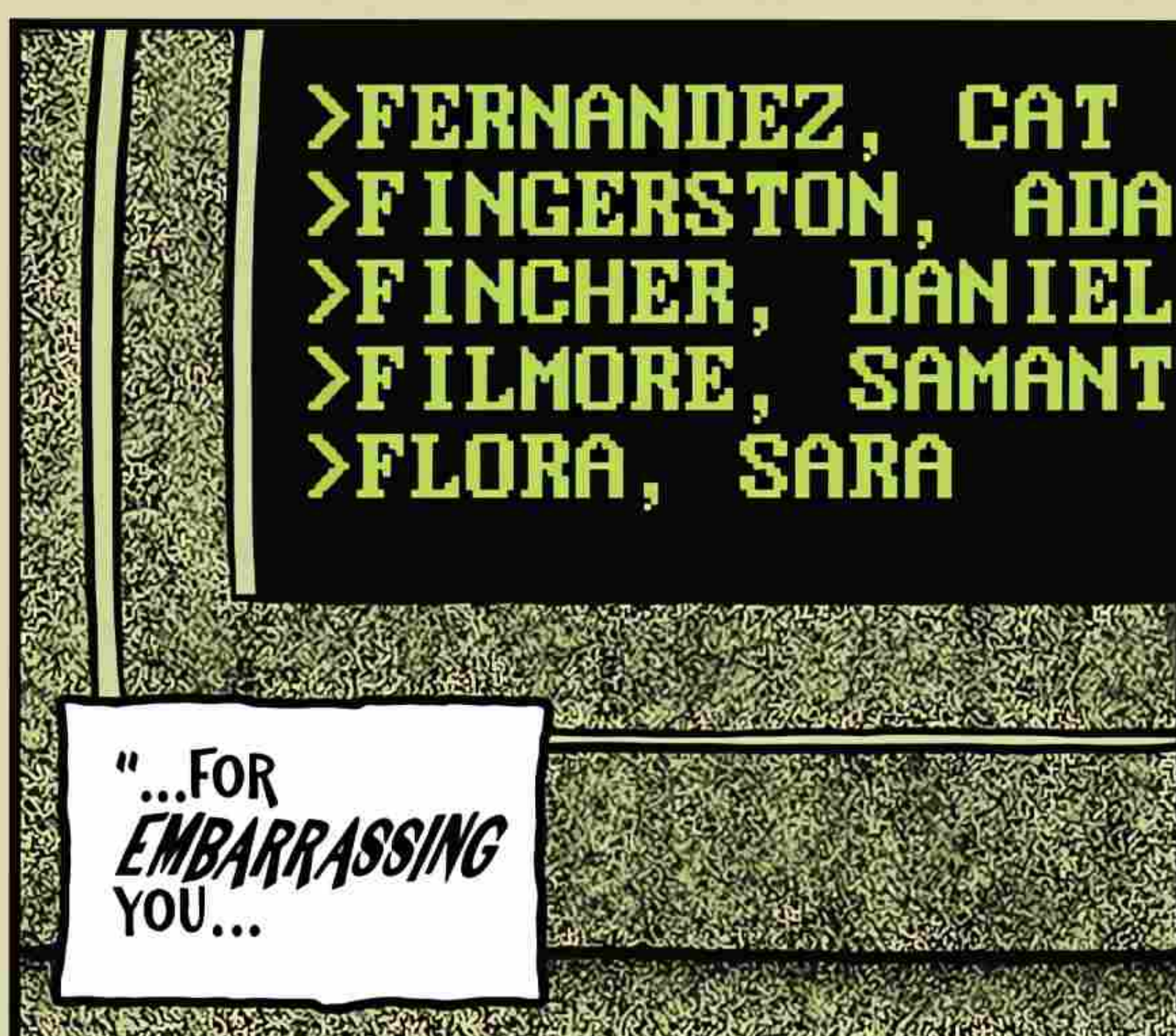
BREAKING
YOUR FACE GOT
BORING.



"I KNOW YOU
CRAVE THE
SATISFACTION
OF SHOWING ME
WHAT I
DESERVE..."



>SEARCH
...ARKHAM ASYLUM
...CHILDREN'S WING
>DR. CHARLES
PATIENT LIST

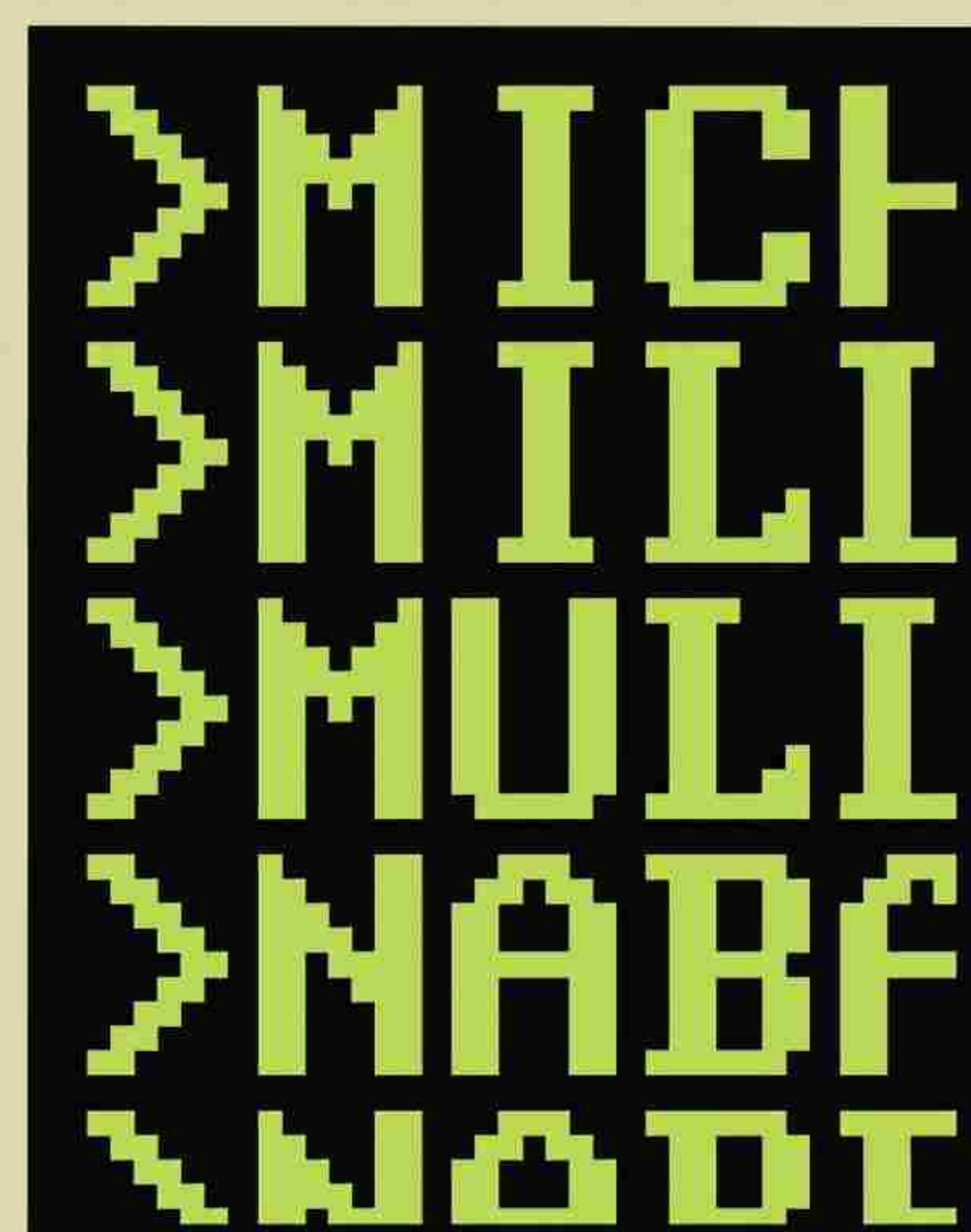


>FERNANDEZ, CAT
>FINGERSTON, ADA
>FINCHER, DANIEL
>FILMORE, SAMANT
>FLORA, SARA

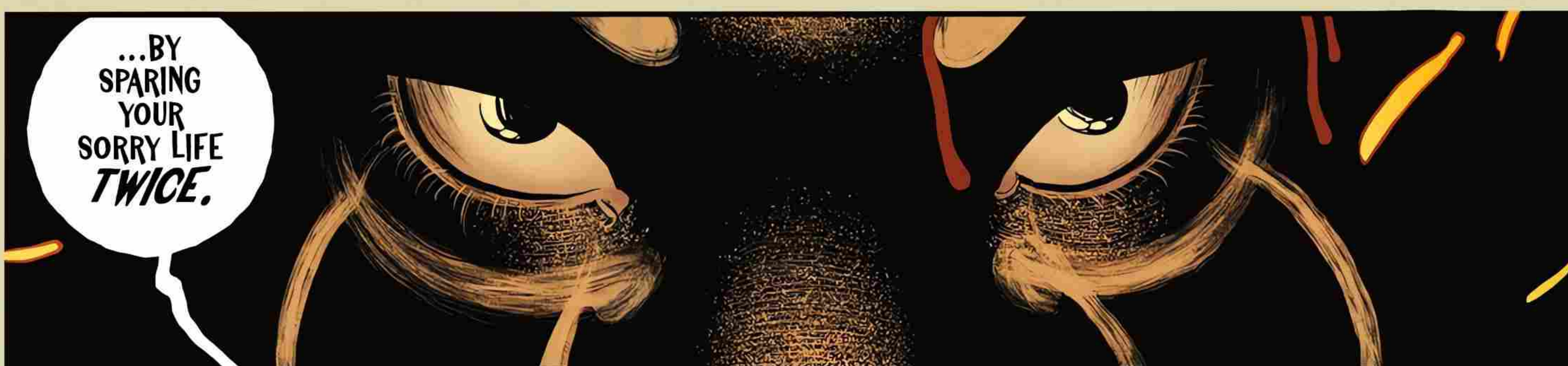
"...FOR
EMBARRASSING
YOU..."



>MICHELIN, SOPHIE
>MILLER, ROBERT K.
>MILLER, RICHARD
>MILLER, FRANK
>MILLER, FREDERICK



>MICH
>MILLI
>MULI
>NABF
>WODT



"...BY
SPARING
YOUR
SORRY LIFE
TWICE."



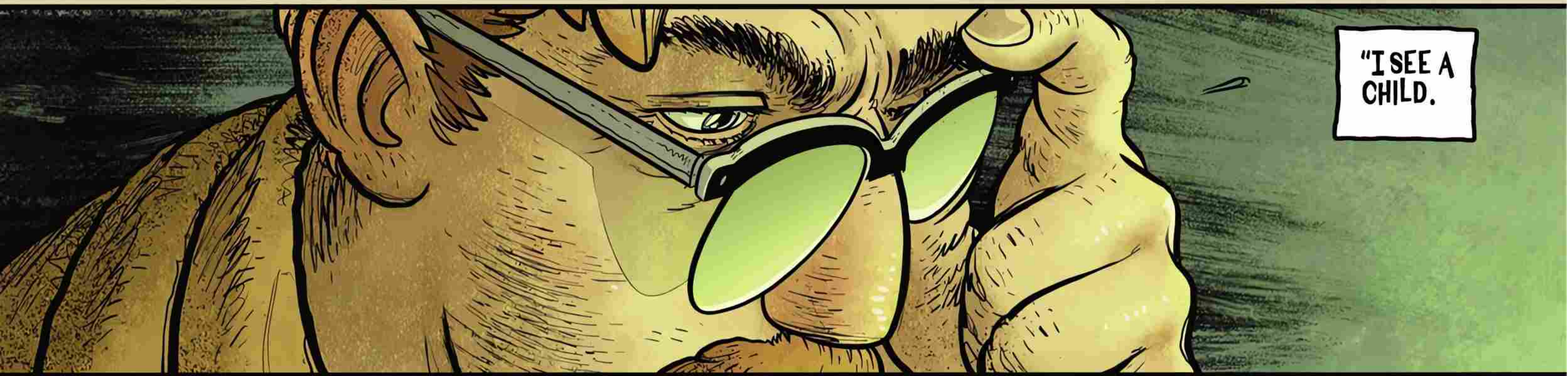
We both know
he speaks the
truth.

NO,
YOU
FAILED
TWICE.

I deny it.

CAN'T
YOU SEE
YOU'RE
INCAPABLE OF
KILLING
ME?

WHERE
ARE THE
EXPLOSIVES
?

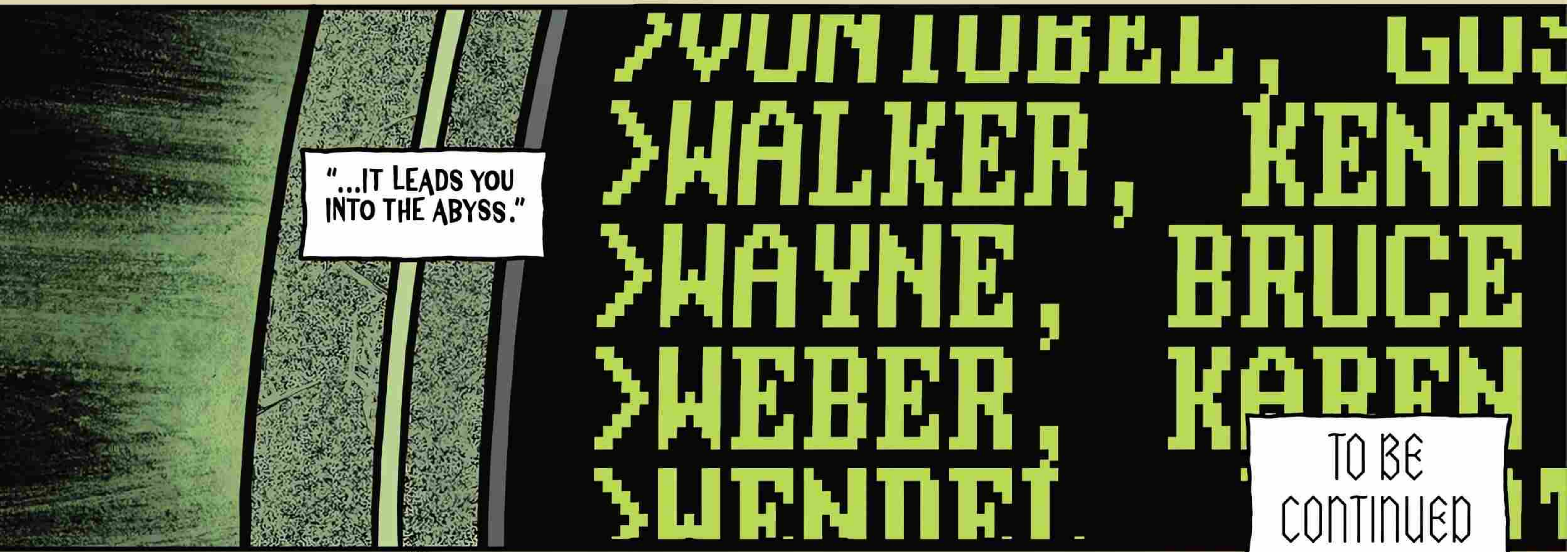


"I SEE A
CHILD.



A CHILD
PLAYING,
CHASING HIS
SHADOW.

BUT
WHEN
YOU CHASE
YOUR OWN
SHADOW...



"...IT LEADS YOU
INTO THE ABYSS."

WUN IUBEL, LUG
WALKER, KENAN
WAYNE, BRUCE
WEBER, KADEN
WENTEN

TO BE
CONTINUED



DAWN OF DC

A NEW ARC
BEGINS THIS
SEPTEMBER

*Eisner Award winner for
Best Continuing Series
& Best Cover Artist*

Written by
Tom Taylor

Art by
Stephen Byrne

Cover by
Bruno Redondo

*Jump on board a swashbuckling pirate
adventure starring Dick Grayson!*

NIGHTWING

#106

BATMAN



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“When you chase
your own shadow...
it leads you into
the abyss.”



COVER BY RAFAEL GRAMPÁ